

*H. G. Deuch*

# FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

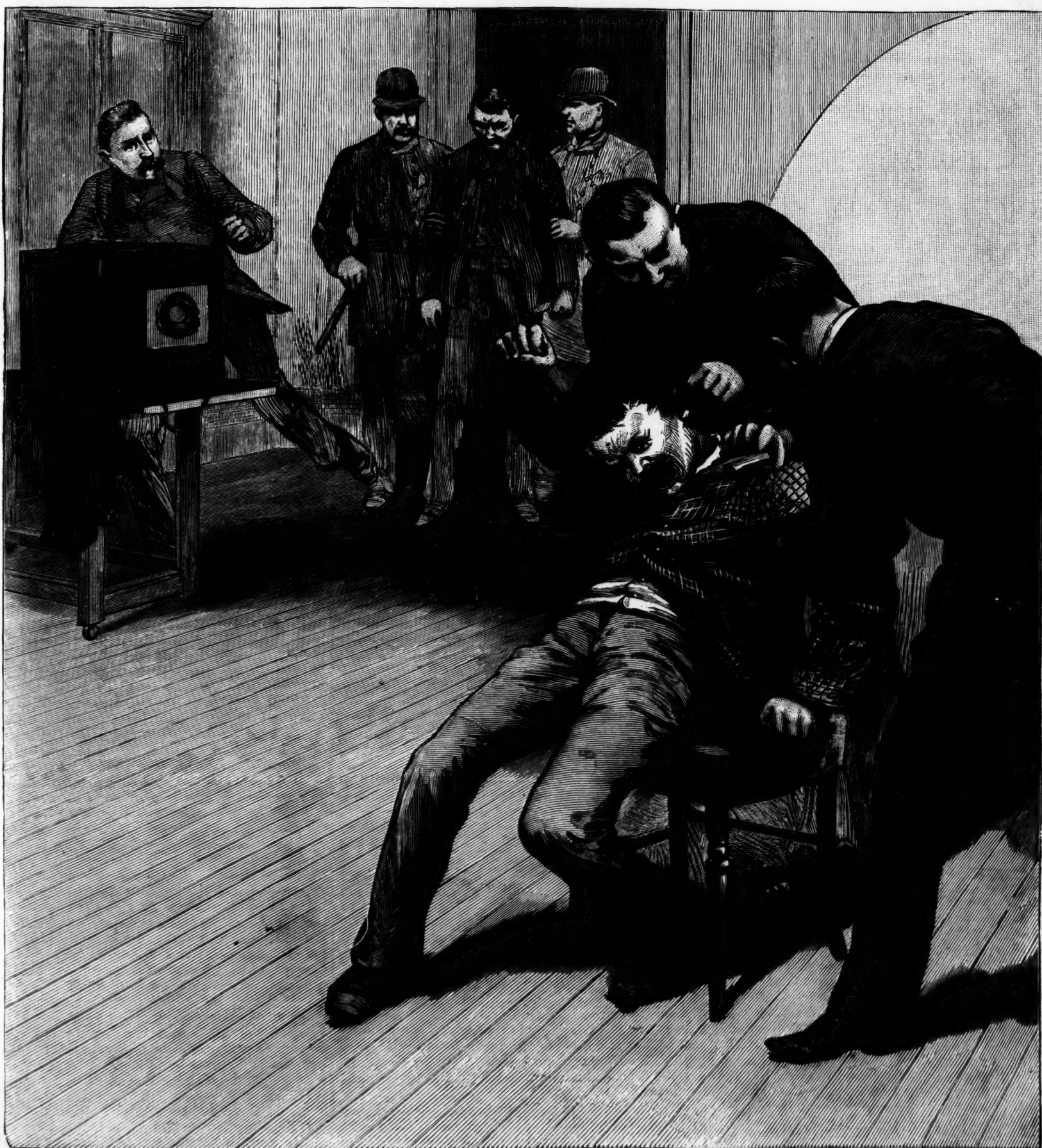
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ILLINOIS.—THE ANARCHIST TRIALS AT CHICAGO—A SCENE AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS—PHOTOGRAPHING CRIMINALS.

FROM A SKETCH BY C. UPHAM.—SEE PAGE 374.



FRANK LESLIE'S  
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,

53, 55 & 57 PARK PLACE, NEW YORK.  
Mrs. FRANK LESLIE, Proprietor.

NEW YORK, JULY 31, 1886.

### THE PHELPS-ROSEBERRY CONVENTION.

THE proposed Extradition Treaty with England signed by American Minister Phelps and Lord Rosebery, at London, on June 24th last, will be judged partly on its merits and partly in the light of the incidents and accidents which attend its presentation. Among the latter are the facts that heretofore such a treaty has been more urgently desired by England than by the United States; and, so far as the one proposed is a concession to England, many critics will observe that a time when almost daily seizures are being made of American vessels under Canadian laws is not a favorable one for making new concessions to the Imperial Government.

The general objects of the treaty are probably popular. Hitherto the crimes extraditable between England and America have been murder and murderous assault, arson, robbery and forgery. The new treaty proposes to add to these manslaughter, burglary, embezzlement of values exceeding \$50, and "malicious injuries to property whereby the life of any person shall be endangered."

The addition of manslaughter is virtually not an addition, in our view, since convictions for manslaughter invariably occur under indictments for murder, the distinction between the two crimes being one which appears in the verdict, and not in the charge. The practice being to charge with murder all persons whom it is expected to convict of manslaughter, there would seem to be no pressing necessity for an extradition treaty in cases of manslaughter. Nor is it easy to conceive how any dangerous use of dynamite can be made which would not be "an assault with intent to commit murder," and as such already extraditable under the Treaty of 1842. Still, it is well that all these offenses should be made so clearly extraditable as to leave no need of refinement nor room for evasion.

Embezzlement and larceny in amounts exceeding \$50 would cover a few of the offenders who constitute the American criminal colony in Canada, but not many. The recent fugitives have been men who could only be convicted of bribery, perjury, official misconduct, breach of trust, ballot-box stuffing, publishing false returns, making false bank statements, or the like. Neither these nor rape is extraditable under the new treaty. On the other hand, notwithstanding the frequency with which it is assumed that the new treaty covers dynamiting better than the old, such an assumption at least requires careful analysis. No prosecuting officer intending to punish dynamiting would think of indicting a prisoner for "malicious injury to property whereby the life of a person was endangered." Had the Chicago Anarchists killed no one, their offense would still have been "assault with intent to murder." As such it would be clearly extraditable under the old Treaty of 1842. So with the English dynamiter who blew up the train in the tunnel, or who attempted to blow up Parliament House or the Tower. What is the real gain in the use of the new terms employed in the treaty, whereby intent to destroy property is made to be the main feature of the crime, and the intent to take life is dragged in as the incident to its inferior?

Again, is Mr. Phelps prepared to say that his new treaty is not rendered technically abortive as to dynamiters by the clause, "If such injuries constitute a crime according to the laws of both the high contracting parties"? This literally limits the cases in which we can demand extradition to crimes against the United States, made such by Federal as distinguished from State law. But it is well known that most of the crimes for which we need the treaty are not crimes against the United States at all, nor made such by the laws thereof, but are crimes only against a State. No act becomes a crime against the United States by virtue of any State law. The expressions used in this part of the treaty do not seem to conform to the distinctions known to American law. The objects of the treaty being so good, its structure and language should be cleared from all technical uncertainties.

In one respect the proposed treaty embodies a distinct and specific definition of principles of law which have hitherto been open to dispute. As to the law of political asylum, it says: "No fugitive shall be surrendered under the provisions of the said treaty or of this convention if the crime in respect of which his surrender is demanded be one of a political character, or if he prove to the competent authority that the said requisition for his surrender has, in fact, been made with the view to try or punish him for a crime of a political character." Another precise declaration, which is timely and proper, is to the effect that a surrendered criminal shall only be tried for the extradition crime, proved by the facts, on which his surrender was granted.

### THE CHICAGO ANARCHISTS.

THE network of evidence that has been gradually woven around the Anarchists on trial at Chicago seems to render their escape from the penalties of their

crimes almost an impossibility. And thus it would appear that by a fitting kind of retributive justice the most dastardly crimes, as in this and the Preller case, are exposed and laid bare by the most overwhelming proofs of guilt. The Chicago Anarchist cases are extremely simple—plain enough for a jury of children to understand. A body of men, dangerous because of their numbers, conspire together to violate, not one particular law, but all laws. They are unlawfully banded in a conspiracy to commit, not one crime, but all crimes. They agree not only to resist all officers of justice, which is itself a high crime, but to kill them. They resolve not simply to rob one particular house, or one particular citizen, like the common thief or burglar, but every house and every citizen. They are to commit arson whenever that crime seems to aid in the work of general destruction. They are to place in jeopardy the lives of defenseless women and young babes, through the use of shells and other destructive explosives, whenever and wherever the use of these deadly implements might suit their fiendish purposes. In short, robbery, theft, riot, arson, felonious assaults and wholesale murder are not only to be committed at a particular place and on a particular day, but at all places and on all days, as circumstances may seem to require.

And this whole catalogue of crimes was to be committed by whom and for what? By a miserable lot of aliens—the wretched, rotten rubbish cast upon our shores by the political convulsions in distant lands—who are foreign to us in aspect, feelings, ideas, aims and designs. These murderous tramps, like pirates—the Anarchists of the sea—are simply enemies of the human race. While combining all the villainies of common incendiaries and thieves and ordinary assassins, these so-called Anarchists propose to make honesty, industry, justice, order and law odious, elevate all the most infamous crimes to the height of cardinal virtues, and degrade all virtuous deeds and actions to the level of the lowest vices and crimes. The war which they invite—in fact, have actually begun—is a war upon society and against established government, to destroy both and substitute a despotism of criminals, by criminals and for criminals, and the criminal classes only. The simple issue joined at Chicago is whether the Government shall put down incendiaries and murderers, or whether they shall put down the Government. Social order must either be destroyed, or its banded enemies. Mercy for such miscreants is a crime against society. Strangulation and the stamping-out process are the only sure remedies yet found for such insane destroyers of civilization.

### PRISON REFORM.

THERE are several principles of prison reform, now regarded as almost axioms by penologists, which can scarcely be too frequently or too strongly presented to public attention. These principles were admirably stated and elucidated in the recent Congress at St. Paul, Minnesota:

1. Classification. The former system was the aggregation of all criminals in one penitentiary. The old and the hardened were placed under the same conditions as the young and immature; and all were associated together. The result was that the adepts in crime hastened the further downfall of those entering upon criminal courses. Reformation was simply impossible; the bad became—not good, but worse. The present system is the separation of the more vicious from the less vicious. So far as is wise, every prisoner is kept separate from every other. The jails thus cease to be schools of crime.

2. Indeterminate sentences. The length of confinement should be adjusted to the needs of the prisoner. He should not be discharged from this moral hospital till he is cured. He should not, on the expiration of his sentence, be turned loose to prey upon the lives and property and order of the community.

3. Ticket-of-leave absence. It were, moreover, well for the prisoner to be released on parole. The authorities should still keep their eye upon him. They should stand ready to aid him in every endeavor to lead an upright life, and to oppose every inclination to evil conduct.

4. Industrial employment. The slave system of our hard labor should be abolished. Each prisoner not knowing a trade, as few of them do know it, should be taught one as a means of gaining an honest livelihood. He should be taught to look on labor not as a degradation, but as a privilege; and he should be allowed some compensation for work performed within prison-walls.

5. The school. Intellectual education is by no means an impenetrable shield against vice; but intellectual knowledge and training tend to fit a man for earning a livelihood; and this ability in turn tends to remove him from a quasi necessity to adopt a criminal life. In many prisons such schools are established; they should be formed in all, and should be administered with skill and enthusiasm.

The history of the endeavors to improve the reformatory influences of American penitentiaries is not a proud one; but a better day dawns. The public is aroused as to the need of reform in our prisons; sociologists of wide research and of philanthropic motives are interested; and there are other reasons for believing that the American prison will become, so far as is possible,

a penitentiary—a place of penitence—in deed as well as in name.

### WOMAN'S WORK FOR WOMAN.

IT is only within a few years that philanthropic work for women has been systematically organized in our larger cities, but much has been done in a comparatively short time, and this has been largely due to the labor of women in the interest of their own sex. In New York we have the Young Women's Christian Association—which is about to take possession of a handsome new building, the Woman's Exchange—the Society of Decorative Art, and other organizations, whose existence must be credited in large part to women, and whose aim is to render helpful service to those of the sex who are compelled to take an active part in the battle of life. In the great charities of the city, like St. John's Guild, and in hospital work, we find women again taking a prominent part. In Boston, the labors of Mrs. Mary Hemenway in behalf of her sex have given her a high place among practical American philanthropists. The work done by Mrs. Quincy Shaw for women, as well as for children, has made her name known and honored outside of Boston; and there are many other noble women who have preferred to do good to their sex rather than lead lives of luxurious selfishness.

But the movement for the amelioration of the condition of workingwomen is yet incomplete in this country, and some valuable hints may be taken from recent progress in this direction abroad. In England, Lady John Manners has been constantly endeavoring to better the condition of working-girls. She is now laboring to provide a home for the Central Institute of the Young Women's Christian Association in Regent Street, London. This Association has established twenty-four institutes and homes, and forty branches. Each provides evening homes, instruction and recreation, and one, the Welbeck Home Institute, has a restaurant for young women, "so much appreciated, that at the dinner-hour there is scarcely standing room." These women rise early and work hard, and a hot meal at midday is necessary; but they were prevented from going to ordinary restaurants by the expense, or the fact that they were crowded with men. Who will start a good shopgirls' restaurant in New York? The English Association includes an employment agency, a system for visiting the sick, social pleasure, and an arrangement for finding suitable Summer holiday quarters for women workers. It combines something of the Industrial Union with the work done by our own societies; but its influence is wider, since it has branches in nearly all the large cities and towns, and extends into the country. There is need of similar enlargement for our own Young Women's Association, and through the efforts of some active workers, progress is being made in this direction.

The National Society for the Protection of Young Girls, another beneficent English organization, has cared for and trained nearly 3,000 young girls in the sixty-one years of its existence. Not long since the Princess Mary and Princess Victoria of Teck presided at the opening of the Churchill Home, a restaurant and lodging-house for London workwomen, intended to offer lodging, food, warmth and recreation to a portion of the 25,000 women who toil in factories in the neighborhood of St. Paul's. We need not dwell upon the benefits of such work as this, and it is pleasant to find it helped forward by princesses of the royal family.

In Paris, Miss Ada Leigh, an Englishwoman, has been engaged for eighteen years in caring for English and American women and girls who are left friendless and helpless in a strange land. Many English girls drift to Paris in search of employment, or are allured by false agencies; and Miss Leigh states that where one succeeds fifty come to irretrievable harm. She has gained the assistance of the Baroness Alphonse de Rothschild and other ladies of rank and wealth, and in connection with the Home which she has established she has an orphanage and a church. Her services to American girls should be recognized by American support of her work.

These are a few instances of what women are doing for women. Fashionable women are proverbially condemned as selfish and heartless, and yet in nearly all large cities we find women born to luxury who are sacrificing some of their ease and comfort to smooth the paths of their less fortunate sisters. There are more noble actions than the world knows of or suspects, and there are few more noble and beneficent than these. It should be noticed, too, that the philanthropic work sustained by women is not merely sentimental; it is intensely practical. It is in the direction of helping and fitting women and girls to help themselves. This is the truest charity, and on this account we welcome the increase of Women's Exchanges, and similar institutions intended to extend to workingwomen the protection and encouragement which they may rightfully ask from women more favored by fortune.

### THE IRISH KINGS OF ENGLAND.

WHEN the British Government, "by the most unblushing bribery and intimidation," to use Mr. Gladstone's own words in introducing his Home Rule measure, induced the Irish Parliament, in 1799, to commit suicide by surrendering its distinct individuality in Dublin and merging itself into the British Parliament in



London, Sir Boyle Roche, one of the most brilliant of the old Irish members, said to the Marquis of Waterford, "Well, since they won't allow us to govern Ireland, we'll rule England instead, merely to keep our hands in."

This was uttered eighty-seven years ago, and looking back, we find that Sir Boyle Roche's threat has been pretty well fulfilled. Since January 23d, 1801, when the first United Parliament met at Westminster, the Government of the British Empire has, as a matter of fact, been more or less directed by Irishmen, who have served their adopted country with a zeal and success seldom shown in behalf of their own native land. Among the names of these brilliant Irish Premiers and statesmen are those of Maryborough, Castlereagh, Wellesley, Canning, Mayo, Wellington and Palmerston, the latter of whom for sixty years directed the foreign policy of England, and with true Irish energy encouraged revolution in every country but his own. At the present moment the foremost diplomat of the age is Lord Dufferin, whose triumphs in Canada, Russia, Turkey and India are known to all.

Surely a country which for the last hundred years has supplied the greatest empire on the globe with its ablest statesmen and warriors will not be found unable, when the time comes, to govern itself.

#### THE BRITISH POLITICAL SITUATION.

THE Gladstone Ministry has resigned, and Lord Salisbury has, at the request of the Queen, undertaken to form a new Cabinet. He will probably have little difficulty in forming a respectable administration, but it will not include Lord Hartington or any other notable Unionists, and it becomes more and more evident that any Government which may be organized will from the start encounter serious embarrassments and dangers. The London *Times* puts the case precisely when it says that the "Conservatives are absolutely dependent on the support of a small group of Liberals, who agree with them only in saying 'No' to the proposals of the Government just resigning. On every other point the voice of the country has been indecisive, and the Parliamentary majority reflects and embodies its indecision. How a strong Government and decisive policy can come out of such a combination it passes the wit of man to devise. Lord Salisbury can only possibly hold power till the Liberals have settled their differences, and once more agree to act together." The co-operation with the Gladstonians of 57 of the 74 Liberal Unionists will, at any time, give a majority against the Government. There is, of course, a good deal of speculation as to Mr. Gladstone's probable course in the new Parliament, but only one thing seems to be settled, and that is, that he will adhere inflexibly to his Home Rule policy, and conduct an uncompromising opposition to all measures antagonizing the Home Rule principle. He has advised Mr. Parnell against resorting to obstructive tactics in the new House, and that gentleman has replied that he is desirous of following Mr. Gladstone's lead, reserving to himself, however, entire liberty of action in event that coercion shall be attempted by the Conservatives. Notwithstanding their temporary reverse, the Home Rulers are full of hope for the future, the latest analysis of the election returns affording them substantial encouragement. In four hundred and seven contested elections in England, Scotland and Wales there were 1,240,000 Gladstonian votes cast, against 1,320,000 Unionist and Conservative votes combined. These figures are interpreted as indicating a steady progress of Home Rule ideas among the British masses, and as justifying a solid confidence in their final triumph at no distant day. It is said that, if representation were adjusted to votes, the contested elections here referred to would have resulted in the success of 198 Gladstonians, instead of 151, as now returned.

It is understood that the meeting of Parliament next month will be merely formal, and that there will be no declaration of policy until October. Meanwhile Mr. Gladstone will retire to Hawarden.

#### ORGANIZED CHRISTIANITY.

THE question, "Is Christian Union to be organized?" which occupied much attention at the late Congress of Churches in Cleveland, and which is ably discussed in the current *Andover Review* from two of its different aspects, is one which concerns all classes and conditions of men. It is a question not only of morals, but of finance, and under both heads every man, whatever his religious faith or unfaith, must find it a matter of personal interest. The distinct claim of Christianity is that it makes men better; that it regulates conduct; reclaims the vicious and inspires to virtue; and thus it has to do with all those problems of social order and public morality with which legislation and the execution of the laws are so largely concerned. Its gigantic enterprises—charitable, ecclesiastical and educational—levy a very heavy tax not upon its immediate adherents only, and the financial aspect of the question becomes, therefore, of almost universal importance. The Protestant Episcopal Church is to-day carrying on a canvass to raise a fund, based on an assessment of two dollars and a half from every communicant—a tax which directly touches nearly a million of the population. The Congregational Church this year asks for seventy-five thousand dollars to carry on its foreign missionary operations alone—a work which does not amount to a fourth part of its annual budget. The late Presbyterian General Assembly, at its session at Minneapolis, resolved to raise next year seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars for missionary purposes and church purposes. Other churches are carrying on aggressive and other work on a proportionally large scale. The question, therefore, whether these vast operations are as economically conducted as they would be were sectarianism, as an element in Christian work, abolished, is entirely pertinent, and argues no spirit of irreverence or infidelity.

There can be no question that the gigantic trusts involved in these extensive Christian works are faithfully and economically administered. The doubt is as to the necessity of the existence of many of them: whether, owing to the multiplication of sects, half a dozen institutions do not need exist when one would serve the purpose quite as well. No religious work, for example, better commends itself to common sense than the planting and maintenance of churches in our rapidly peopling West. By whatsoever name the various Home Missionary organizations are known, they are certainly far-seeing, aggressive, economical in their administration. If there were not so many of them, however, might not the work be even better done?

In the town of Wheaton, Ill., for example, a village of twelve hundred inhabitants, there are thirteen Protestant churches, with an average attendance of fifteen persons each. The greater number of these churches were planted—some of them are still aided—

by the Home Missionary Societies of their various denominations. Similar cases could be indefinitely multiplied, and although the tendency of the larger societies certainly is to discountenance such foolish and costly multiplication of churches, it cannot be wholly avoided while the present system of missionary effort prevails.

The French are proverbially a frugal people, and they have taught the world many a lesson of economy. A study of their home missionary operations would not be out of place in American religious circles. There is but one Home Missionary Society, the *Société Centrale*, founded in 1836. It sends to deserted or unoccupied regions its agents, who gather together the unevangelized, teach and preach, and inspire a wish for a regular worship; then, when the ground is ready for the planting of a church, it furnishes the money, leaving to the people themselves to choose their own denomination and affiliate themselves with the body of their choice. Sectarianism in France, though less subdivided, is far more bitter and intense than in America; yet such a scheme as this has been eminently successful, in the face of much real persecution, for fifty years.

Whether absolute ecclesiastical unity will ever be possible, or is indeed desirable, is not a question for laymen to discuss. But Christian work—feeding the hungry, clothing the naked, visiting the sick and the prisoners, bringing Christian friendship to hungry hearts—is not a thing of ecclesiasticism. Even the more essentially religious work, reclaiming of the sinful and teaching faith to the unbelieving, requires no formulated creed. Here again France furnishes an example in point. The McAll Mission to the Laboring Men, unsectarian, undenominational and unsupported by the funds of any sect or society, has in ten years planted one hundred Christian preaching stations in France and Corsica, and in 1885 preached a free gospel to one million listeners, and it carries on a large variety of religious as distinct from charitable works, its workers being drawn from all bodies of Christian believers, including Quakers.

#### ECHOES FROM ABROAD.

A SENSATION has been created in British official circles by an article in the London *Times*, charging the War Office with incompetency and corruption, and alleging that in the event of a foreign war, England would be dependent upon a foreign manufacture for guns to defend her national existence. It adds that responsible officials "have offered to prove wholesale corruption against the department in supplying guns which burst, rifled cartridges which jam, bayonets which bend, swords which will not cut. Others have offered to prove fraud and perjury against high officials of the department, who are said to carry on quite a thriving industry in buying condemned stores at one depot and selling them to another as new stores. It is a common belief in garrison towns that nothing is salable to the War Office except by bribery." Some of the interested officials have demanded an investigation, but the War Secretary has refused to order one on the ground that the charges are "vague." The matter is not likely to rest at this point, and it is quite likely that the further disclosures will fully confirm the statement of the *Times*.

A questionable policy of newspaper enterprise placed the disgusting details of that scandalous *cause célèbre*, the Crawford divorce trial, before the public, on both sides of the Atlantic. The testimony introduced has been of a character to bring blushes to the cheeks even of case-hardened divorce lawyers and judges; and yet the personages from London's "best society," who are chiefly involved, recited with the utmost nonchalance the tale of their depravity, while the British public mobbed the publication offices of the evening papers to get the full reports. This was a fitting sensation to follow the *Pall Mall Gazette* revelations; and it indicates a state of morals which, when encountered by social philosophers in the study of an empire's history, is usually identified with the period of decay.

The Marseillaise were ever an excitable community, and they can be counted upon when there is anything revolutionary in the air. On the evening of the 19th inst. they mobbed the offices of two or three newspapers which had wasted an undue amount of sympathy upon the expelled princes. The gendarmes defended the premises, and a severe fight ensued, in which a considerable number of soldiers and policemen were wounded, and some of the rioters captured. However, as it was only a dispute between officers of the Republican Government and an over-ardent Republican people, there is no grave significance in this first row resulting from the expulsion of the Comte de Paris. A more suggestive fact is that the Republicans have organized a committee for the propagation of republican principles among the people.

CONGRESS will adjourn during the present week. The remark of a contemporary, in summing up its record for the session, that it has done nothing and the President has vetoed it, admirably and adequately describes the inefficiency of this conspicuously imbecile Congress. The country may well regret that the adjournment of this week is not to be final.

THE New England fishermen have not yet been converted to Secretary Bayard's belief that the Fisheries question can be and should be settled by a new treaty. On the contrary, their hostility to the proposition for the appointment of a commission to negotiate such a treaty grows more pronounced with every passing day. They aver that no commission is needed to determine what are the commercial rights of American fishing-vessels in Canadian ports. What they want is not the privilege of fishing in Canadian waters, but simply the same commercial rights in Canadian ports as are granted Canadian vessels in our ports, and they feel that these rights are denied them only because the State Department has failed to assert them as it should have done.

THE Prohibitionists of New Jersey, who some weeks since nominated General Clinton B. Fisk for Governor, seem disposed to make a lively canvass. It is said that some two hundred speakers have offered their services on the stump, and the leaders announce that they will carry the contest into every Legislative district, adding somewhat ostentatiously that they will have nothing whatever to do with existing parties in the matter of legislative nominations. Even should the Democrats or Republicans nominate temperance men, the Prohibitionists will nominate independent candidates "for the sake of the principle involved." This may be sound politics, but to us it looks very much like the sheerest folly. Prohibition can never succeed through a policy which divides those who are substantially agreed as to its desirability.

THE practical enforcement of the Maine Law has as little regard for the comfort of the fish in the waters of the State as for the constitutional rights of its citizens. The other day the municipal officers of Portland poured twenty-seven hundred gallons of seized liquors into the waters of the Back Cove. This looks, on the surface, as though Neal Dow and his adherents were having everything their own way; but appearances in this matter, as in

many others, are deceitful. While such an exhibition cheers, if it does not inebriate, the intemperate total abstinence residents of the Pine Tree State, it neither means that there is less drinking or drunkenness there than elsewhere, or that one who desires it cannot obtain all the contraband liquors he has the inclination to purchase and the money to pay for. It does mean, however, that these liquors must be obtained by false pretenses, or in a sneaking, underhanded, behind-the-closet-door sort of a way; and, furthermore, that the purchaser is forced to pay two or three prices for an inferior, if not a positively dangerous, article. To profess total abstinence has become a habit in Maine; at the same time it is no less a habit on the part of thousands, who are afraid to let their neighbors know it, to drink as much "rum" as they please—on the sly.

THE liquor-dealers of Ohio, who have so audaciously defied the new license law, are gradually learning that resistance to the power of the State has its limits. At Youngstown, Judge Thayer, a Democrat, has just refused to grant an injunction restraining the collection of the tax, and affirmed, in positive terms, the validity of the law; and as this decision will probably be sustained by the higher courts, we may expect shortly to see the liquor-sellers making a virtue of necessity, and paying the taxes imposed. It is just this unreasoning hostility to fair and proper license legislation that is everywhere consolidating public opinion in favor of more stringent laws, and if absolute prohibition shall become in the public conviction the only adequate remedy for existing evils, the liquor-men will largely have themselves to blame for that result.

SENATOR MORRILL of Vermont has so far recovered his health as to be able to leave Washington for his home among the mountains. Few men in public life have been more faithful in the discharge of their duties than Mr. Morrill. Now seventy-seven years of age, nearly one-half of his life has been spent as a member of Congress, and up to the time of his recent illness he had been absent but one day from his seat. Not only so, but he has performed, in the last quarter of a century, services of great value to the country in connection with financial and other questions, and has really had more to do with molding legislation on all matters closely affecting the public interests than many of his more noisy colleagues. Upright, conscientious and fearless, his record has been honorable at once to his State and to himself, and the country will welcome gladly his return in full health to the body which has too few members of his character.

THE small boy has his uses, and sometimes develops really heroic qualities. Two New Haven lads, only ten years of age, one day last week afforded a striking illustration of the possibilities inherent in youthful natures. While passing along a line of railroad, they discovered a huge boulder on the track at a point where approaching trains could not see it in time to avert disaster. Simultaneously with their discovery, they heard the roar and rumble of a coming train. Realizing at once the peril of the situation, they started towards the train, one of them fastening a tattered handkerchief to a stick as he ran, and waving it as a signal of alarm. The train was stopped just in time to avert a terrible calamity. The presence of mind of the boys very naturally elicited the warmest praises from the passengers whose lives they saved; but the collection of ten dollars in silver coin which was bestowed upon the rescuers would seem to indicate that the rescued did not, after all, place a very high value on their lives.

THE backbone of Secretary Bayard appears to be stiffening a little. Some time since an American newspaper editor, A. K. Cutting by name, was arrested in Mexico and imprisoned for the publication of an article in an *El Paso* paper reflecting on an American citizen. His release was demanded by the American Consul at Paso del Norte, but the Mexican officials ridiculed his request, and held on to their prisoner. The case has occasioned great excitement on the Texas side of the Rio Grande, and at last Secretary Bayard has actually made a demand for the immediate and unconditional surrender of the unfortunate journalist. Such a display of vigor on the part of the State Department is, of course, a little startling, but it is none the less acceptable, and there can scarcely be a doubt that it will have a very wholesome effect on the insolent Mexican officials. As Mexico has no navy to speak of, no consideration as to the safety of our seaboard cities need embarrass Mr. Bayard in pushing his demand to "the bitter end."

JUDGE O'GORMAN of the New York Superior Court refuses to grant naturalization papers to all persons who are unable to swear that they have read the Constitution of the United States. In two or three cases before him last week the difficulty was overcome by the perusal of the document by the applicants, and a subsequent statement to that effect; but had they not been able to read at all, they would still be "aliens and strangers." Judge O'Gorman's theory is, apparently, that as an applicant for admission to citizenship must be certified to be "attached to the principles of the Constitution of the United States," it is the duty of the Court to ascertain whether the candidate really knows what those principles are. The rule is not a bad one; but it seems a little unwise to enforce it as against persons of intelligence, so long as naturalization papers are issued to hundreds who are densely ignorant of the commonest duties and obligations of citizenship. The wiser course would be to impose constitutional limitations on the bestowal of the rights of citizenship in the form of intelligence qualifications applicable to all.

THE international sculling race for the championship of the world, to be rowed upon the English Thames on August 30th, is awakening some excitement among professional oarsmen and their associates, but the general public in this country, at least, is coming to view professional rowing with indifference. The reason for this is the conduct of the oarsmen themselves. There are few professional races which, to the certain knowledge of the public, are rowed upon their merits. There are plenty of "hippodromes" unblushingly arranged beforehand, there are plenty of regattas where the different prizes are assigned in advance, and there are plenty of "exhibitions for gate money." But what the public is interested in seeing, is a fair and square test of skill and endurance, and races of this kind are so rare that nearly every professional rowing contest is looked upon with suspicion. There is scarcely a single oarsman who can be counted upon as sure to "row to win" under all circumstances. The ex-champion Hanlan, with Teemer, Gaudaur and other "cracks," have all found it necessary to make "explanations" and seek to refute criticisms made not without apparently good reasons. Professional rowing has fallen into a condition of demoralization, and while it remains under the control of gamblers, "sports" and "hippodrome" managers, it cannot be expected that the public will maintain a lively interest.



The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated Foreign Press.—SEE PAGE 375.



GREAT BRITAIN.—THE RECENT GENERAL ELECTION—A MEETING AT FOWEY, CORNWALL.



FRANCE.—MONSEIGNEUR GUIBERT, LATE CARDINAL ARCHBISHOP OF PARIS.



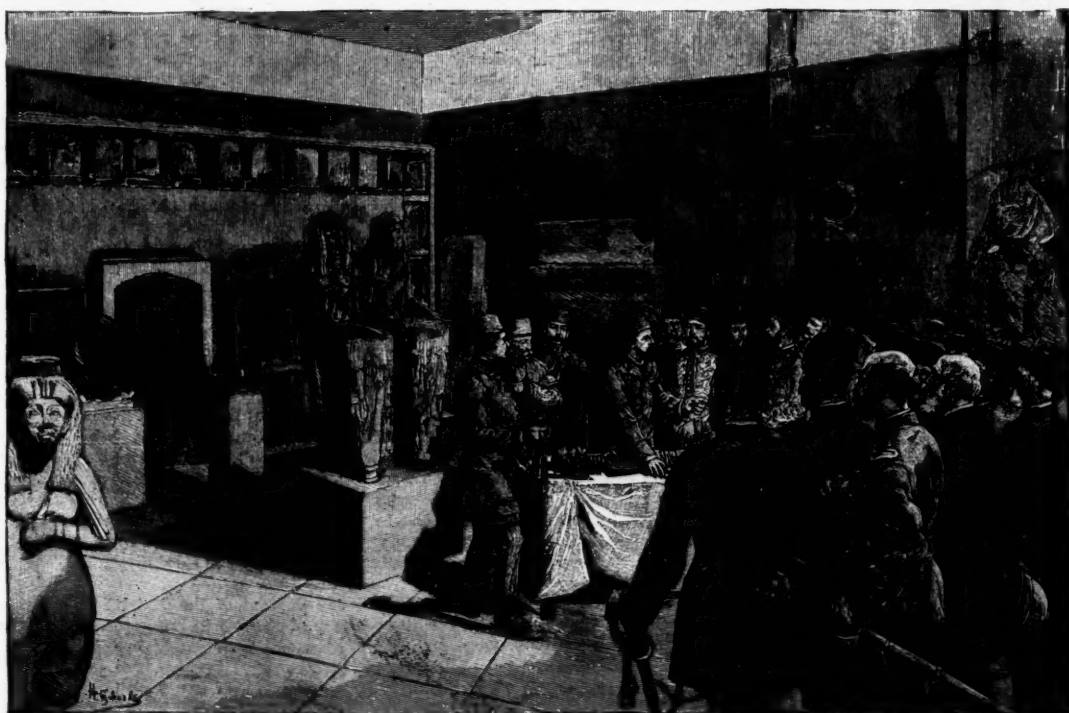
GREAT BRITAIN.—QUEEN VICTORIA OPENING THE ROYAL HOLLOWAY COLLEGE FOR WOMEN.



FRANCE.—THE STATUE OF LAMARTINE, INAUGURATED AT PASSY, JULY 7TH.

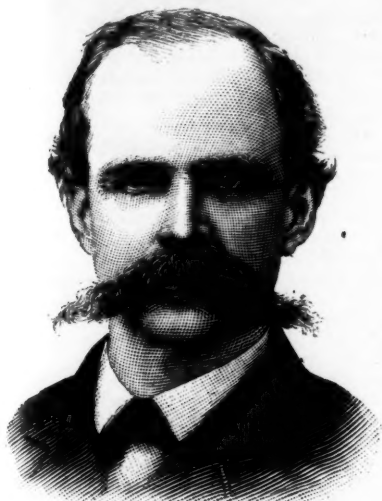


GERMANY.—GUSTAV FREYTAG, FAMOUS NOVELIST.



EGYPT.—M. MASPERO UNWRAPPING THE MUMMY OF SESOSTRIS (RAMSES II.) AT THE BOULAK MUSEUM, IN PRESENCE OF THE KHÉDIVE.





W. R. SMEDBERG, DEPT.-COMMANDER, G. A. R.



STUART TAYLOR, 1ST VICE-CHAIRMAN.



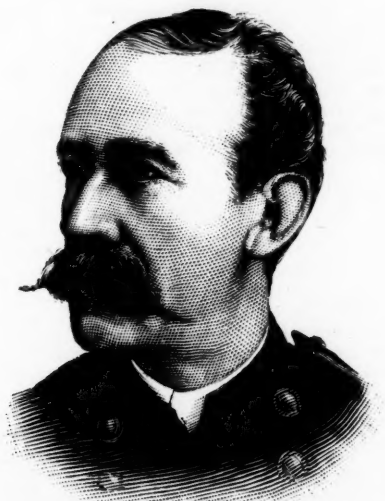
REV. T. R. NOBLE, 2D VICE-CHAIRMAN.



W. W. MONTAGUE, TREASURER.



SAMUEL W. BACKUS, CHAIRMAN.



W. H. DIMOND, CHAIRMAN FINANCE COM.



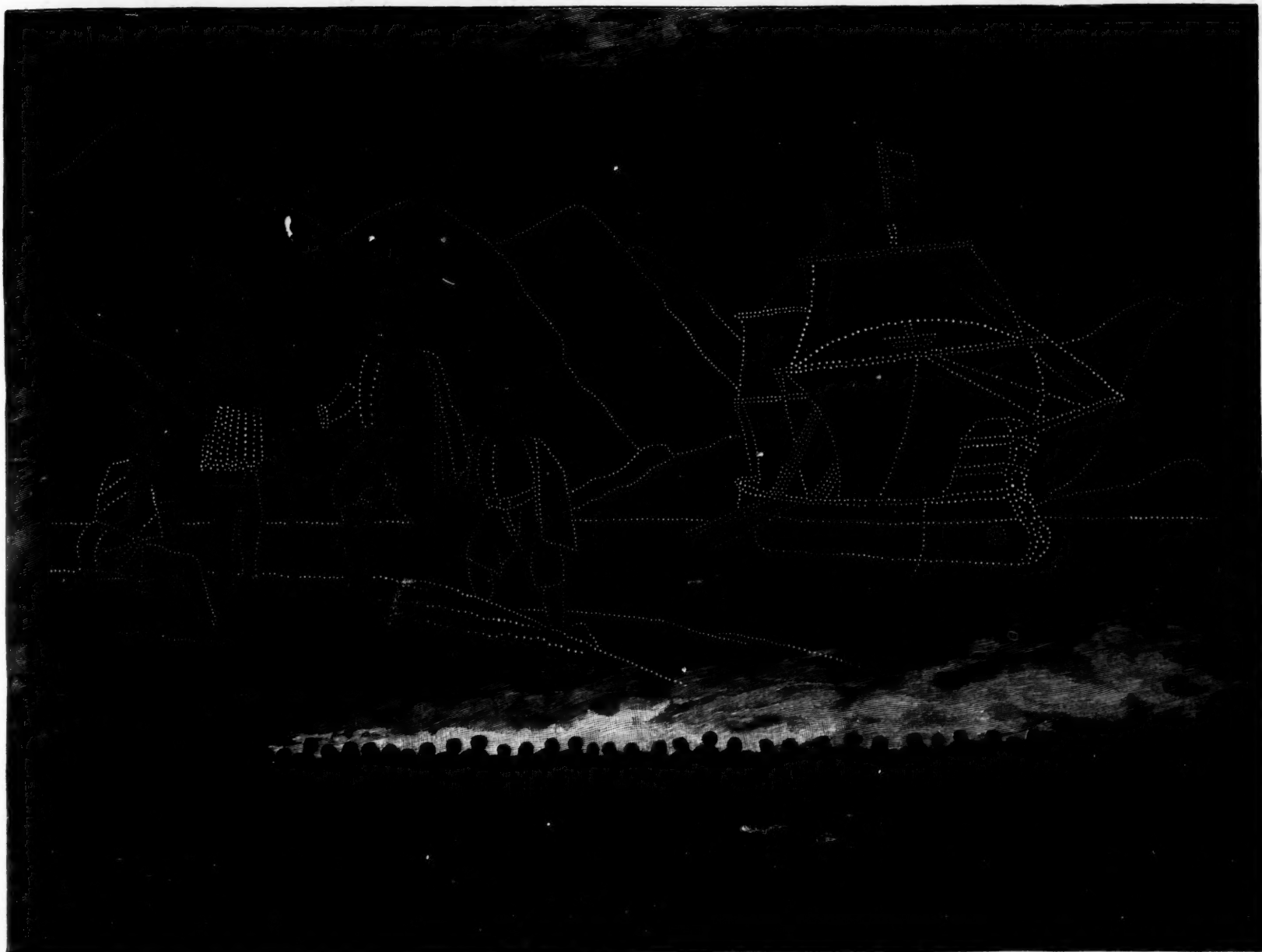
H. BARTLING, SECRETARY.



EDWARD D. SALOMON, CHAIRMAN PARADE COM.

CALIFORNIA.—TWENTIETH NATIONAL ENCAMPMENT, G. A. R., AT SAN FRANCISCO.—PORTRAITS OF MEMBERS OF THE GENERAL COMMITTEE OF ARRANGEMENTS AND G. A. R. OFFICERS.

FROM PHOTOS. BY TABER, RIEMAN & PRAY, AND MORSE.—SEE PAGE 374.



NEW YORK.—THE BI-CENTENARY OF ALBANY—GRAND PYROTECHNIC DISPLAY, JULY 22D—THE SET PIECE, "THE LANDING OF HUDSON, 1609."  
FROM A SKETCH BY A STAFF ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 375.



## AT LAST.

"TIS sweet to rest. The years bring peace—  
The peace that comes of pain's surcease—  
Of Life's decay.  
And I, who used to chafe and fret—  
To watch the hours, with wild regret,  
Slip fast away;  
I grow contented not to do—  
To watch Time's sands slip idly through,  
Without a tear.  
And, as the world goes raging by,  
I smile to think, at last, that I  
Am done with fear.

I do not fret that, idly now,  
My worn feet lag upon the brow  
Of Life's long hill;  
Around me, Nature's pulses beat,  
I pause to catch its rhythmic sweet  
Ecstatic thrill.  
And, somehow, from its measured rhyme,  
Voices I loved, in olden time,  
Call softly, "Come!"  
My restless heart grown calm and still,  
I calmly wait, from o'er the hill,  
My summons home.

NELLIE WATTS McVEY.

## "JACK AND JILL."

BY ANNIE J. DUFFELL.

## CHAPTER I.

IT is four o'clock of a dreary November day when Hugh Dempsey alights from one of the poky, shabby coaches of the railway running through the lower part of Cornwall, and which takes in St. Ives, at which place he has stopped. As he stands upon the platform of the little station, he views with somewhat dismayed eyes the dreary prospect confronting him—the bleak Cornish coast, beaten by the dull-green mountainous sea; the straggling, mist-swept village; the rugged hills sullenly uprising landward; and far to the west, the vast sweep of the Atlantic Ocean, from which now a perfect hurricane is blowing.

Besides himself, the coaches have disgorged three other tourists—one, a tall man well wrapped in a greatcoat that reaches from neck to heels, and who carefully grasps a well-worn bag in one hand, while with the other he does battle with his hat, around whose broad brim the Cornish salt winds are rioting madly.

When the tall man has reduced his demoralized headgear to something like reason, and turns with a laugh to his companion, Dempsey sees that he is the owner of a particularly pleasing countenance—the countenance of a sunny-tempered man of perhaps five-and-forty, with something of genius in his mental construction.

The figure standing beside him, and reaching scarcely to his shoulder, is as jealously guarded by an equally long, shaggy ulster, defying surmises as to the appearance and even sex of the wearer, unless, indeed, one may hinge a conjecture on a pair of dainty French heels that the rollicksome breeze displays to Dempsey's appreciative eyes, and the slender line of red silk hose that occasionally appears intervening between the top of a prettily shaped boot and the bottom of the wind-swept ulster. Beside the ulster there is a jaunty little cap, which only leaves off where the up-turned coat-collar joins it, and as the possessor of all wheels around upon the tall man, in sympathy with the laugh, he catches a glimpse of a quantity of frizzly gold hair, the flash of something that he concludes must be eyes, but which look very like amethysts in the sun's rays, and a slightly upturned but distracting nose.

Standing decorously behind the couple is a comfortable-looking stout person, sedulously engaged in counting their pieces of luggage. As her master and mistress—evidently—turn upon one another, the latter puts up one little shabbily gloved hand, and settles her cap more firmly.

"Awfully jolly, eh?" she shouts, that her voice may be heard above the shrieking winds that gallop through her laughing lips and down her throat, almost taking her breath away.

And the man sets his back to the tempest, and seizes one of the girl's arms, that she may not be blown quite away, and says, with fervency that is simply madness to the disgusted Dempsey:

"Ah, it is the best that has come to us for a six-month! One of the regular old Cornish zephyrs."

Then the luggage is kicked away under shelter, and this happy-go-lucky pair, followed by the comfortable-looking person, sally forth down the stony, wind-swept thoroughfare, and soon disappear in the drizzling mist.

At this, Dempsey's attention grows more personal, and he asks himself where on earth he shall go.

The station-master appearing at this juncture, he proceeds to interrogate him.

"Do the Montclaires—Sir John Montclaire—live about here?"

"Three miles back—it's a rough road. I doubt if you could walk it," glancing somewhat disparagingly at the general appearance of case and fashion that Dempsey unwittingly presents.

"And is there no livery in the place—no trap to be hired?"

But at this point a dogcart swings around the nearest corner and makes for the station. Whereupon Dempsey informed the station-master that there is no need of further troubling him, and by that time Philip Montclaire has drawn up to the platform.

"Been waiting long? Too bad! But one is never sure of those confounded trains: there is no sort of system about 'em. Yesterday they were fifteen minutes late; to-day they are half an hour beforehand. Awfully glad to see you, Dempsey."

So says Philip Montclaire, who looks dark and gloomy enough to figure in high tragedy, but who is only an ordinary London man, very much out of his element down here in desolate Cornwall.

"Got your telegram yesterday," he continues, as the able-bodied horse carries them at a spanking rate away from the bluff, moaning coast, and

up the hill towards the castle. "But, my dear fellow—you are awfully welcome, you know, and all that—but what did fetch you down to this beastly hole?"

"How about your stopping here?" says Dempsey, evasively.

"Well, you know, I'm in for it, and can't help myself. Everybody knows it is one of the pet whims of the 'governor' to come down to Cornwall in the Fall. A month ago he took a header from his horse—a pretty rough one, I fancy—and has been laid up with a broken leg since. The mater and I are down here on duty."

"The worst is over, I trust?" says Dempsey, politely.

"He is getting on pretty well—yes."

And then conversation turns to London people and their doings, and they reach their destination without Montclaire's question being answered.

The castle is beautifully situated high up on a gently rising eminence that commands a sweeping view of the Atlantic and the surrounding country.

The walls, gray and weather-stained, with hoary battlements, leave nothing to fear from the fierce tempests that sweep the coasts. At the rear there is an extensive pine forest, whose discontented murmur rivals the distant roar of the sea. It is a wild, weird place, that half takes Dempsey's fancy, even in this first moment of his acquaintance with it.

Half an hour later, he is making his best bow before Lady Montclaire—of whom he is really very fond—in an old-fashioned, comfortably furnished drawing-room, that hints of other generations.

"My dear Hugh, I am really very glad to see you," says her ladyship, graciously, though there is a little anxious pucker on her still pretty face, and she looks rather sharply into the countenance of this handsome young man. Her own son is staring gloomily out of the window at the rain-swept country beneath them, which, to an unprejudiced eye, presents anything but an enlivening prospect.

"Well, you know, I would scarcely have intruded upon you," says Dempsey, "if I had not had business down this way. I had an idea of putting up with you a few days, if it is perfectly convenient. If it is not—if it puts you out in the least—I'll ask Philip to send me down to the village."

"My dear boy, how absurd! You are most welcome," says Lady Montclaire, kindly; but her appearance has grown more suppressedly anxious.

Then dinner is served—the character of which meal shows Dempsey that her ladyship has fetched her London chef down with her—and after a time they are back again in the drawing-room—at least, her ladyship and Hugh; Philip has been summoned to his father's chamber.

The voluminous crimson curtains are drawn closely across the great windows, and a bright fire crackles in the broad, open fireplace, before which the hostess and her guest have seated themselves in solid comfort, which seems enhanced by the fierce storm beating about the sturdy walls of the old Cornish castle.

Thus ensconced, her ladyship launches forth on her secret trouble.

"I hope you will not think me impertinent in what I am about to say," begins Lady Hilda, in a tentative voice, shifting her delicate, old-timed screen so that she may get the better view of Dempsey's somewhat surprised countenance. That young gentleman very properly informs his companion that nothing she could say would be thus considered, after which assurance she thanks him and continues: "I simply want to tell you that we fancy we know the 'business' that has fetched you down here. I want to be honest, to deal fairly by you both; but I think you ought to know."

As Lady Hilda thus somewhat incoherently concludes, Hugh starts.

"I am quite sure of it," he murmurs, as fervently as if what she is saying were not as so much High Dutch to him.

"I fear I do not speak explicitly," resumes those gentle tones. "It is this: as an old friend of the family, I know of that distressing unpleasantness that has existed for years between your branch of the Dempseys and the John Dempsey line." Again Lady Hilda pauses for a reply.

The mystification vanishes from Hugh's countenance, which hardens just a little.

"Well, yes, I fancy you do," he says, after a pause. "And in that case you are also aware that the 'distressing unpleasantness' is no work of mine. It has existed for thirty years."

"I should say it had been quite all of that time since your father and his brother John fell out over the division of your grandfather's estate," admits Lady Montclaire, meditatively. "I don't understand technical terms, but I know that it was settled that your father was to take the estates, and your uncle John the stocks and moneys. But from some cause, your uncle John fancied the property down here in Cornwall, on which he lived, should be included in his share, and your father objected, and that was the rock they split on. So they carried their case into Chancery, and there it has remained ever since—your uncle never relinquishing the property, and your father never failing to contest his right to it. But now that the brothers are gone, Hugh, I thought—I hoped—that an amicable adjustment might be arrived at between you and your cousin, Jack Dempsey."

"It is as fair for one of us as for the other," says Hugh, a trifle stiffly.

"Not quite," says the mediator, gently. "Some people can coin money out of nothing," continues her ladyship, boldly launching forth on the untold sea of finance and political economy, "while others make ducks and drakes of fortunes. Your uncle John was one of this unfortunate class; he lost his money, while your father doubled his. To continue the suit was like taking the bread from his mouth—but he would never relinquish it; and when he died, his son John took it up; and now,

I suppose, you have taken it up; and so there it is! Jack Dempsey has, for the most part, made his home at the Rock House, as the Cornish estate is called. He is a widower, now, with one child, and quite poor; he has retained the family relics and heirlooms, I believe; but everything else is gone, and he has nothing except what he makes by his profession. He is an artist, you know?"

"Yes. Some say that he is quite clever," observes Hugh, with but meagre interest.

"And now I have got around to my starting-point," says Lady Hilda, her genial smile suddenly lighting her delicate, fine face. "When you telegraphed us you were coming, we thought at once it might be on business connected with the famous suit. And I fear yet that it is on some such purpose you are come. And in that event, I feel bound to tell you, my dear Hugh, that I am the warm personal friend of Jack Dempsey, of the Rock House, as I am of his daughter and of you."

"No! You don't say so!" exclaims Dempsey, blankly.

It is not his intention to imply that he doubts his friend's sentiments for himself; it is only that he is staggered to hear of this intimacy between his hostess and the Philistines of his race.

Then ensues a long pause, at length broken by Hugh exclaiming, rather viciously:

"That does not change the fact that they are very impracticable people."

"How utterly prejudiced you are!" exclaims Lady Montclaire, warmly. "I know no more charming people than Jack Dempsey and his daughter. They are both very clever with the brush; they are accomplished and thoroughly correct in all their notions, though they have knocked about together half over the world. Since she was knee-high, Tempest—her home-name is 'Jill'—has been her father's companion, and his mistress, too, for that matter: she is a little shrew for authority. The affection between them is something wonderful, even for father and daughter. How is it possible for you to tell, when you have not seen them?"

"But I have heard from them," says Dempsey, with a grim smile.

"They are just now getting home from Dresden. I got a letter from Tempest saying they would be here about to-morrow, and I shall send a carriage to the depot to take them to the Rock House, where I shall be waiting. You see, they have no such little luxuries as carriages; they are so hopelessly improvident. Jack gets good prices for some of his paintings, and they'd do pretty well if they would husband their means as other people. As it is, they are liable to turn up in any quarter of the globe at a moment's warning; they attend all the carnivals and the art exhibits, and the money they squander would keep them in fitting style down here in Cornwall; while now—I suspect there are times when they sup on bread and wine, and breakfast off the same, with a fish caught from the sea to vary their dinner. This I got from the old nurse and housekeeper, Martin, who has lived with them since Tempest was a baby; and I would not feel at liberty to disclose it for any other than the pressing motive I have. Yet they are the happiest, merriest-go-lucky couple in the world—or would be, were it not for the fear that hangs over them of losing the old place. Rock House is very dear to them."

Dempsey flushed an unbecoming red; up through the superficial gloss of conventionalality crop some of the quick fires of his suppressed youth.

"Do you think I care for their estate, that I begrudge them the roof over their heads?" he says, vehemently. "A strip of Cornish coast, a few stony acres, an old rattle-trap house"—he pauses and makes a gesture of angry scorn—"they would be a sorry possession even for an avaricious man. I do not think I am avaricious."

"I am sure you are not," murmured Lady Hilda, plainly enchanted at the effect her eloquence has wrought upon this usually cool-blooded and imperturbable young man.

"I do not approve of family feuds; they are very uncomfortable affairs," continues Dempsey, more quietly, but still with an unusual air of turbulence. "When I came into the estates I would have dropped the whole thing; it is not pleasant for me to feel that we are making ourselves the talk and laughing-stock of the country; but these Dempseys would not let me."

"They would not let you?" says Lady Hilda, vaguely.

"I swear they would not! You would not believe the insult and contumely I have received from this John Dempsey."

"Where on earth did you come across one another?" queries Lady Hilda, very much staggered by these disclosures.

"We have never met. But I have been the happy recipient of three letters from 'your friend Jack,' which, in point of virulence and defiance, I would defy the world to beat."

"I can't make it out," murmured Lady Hilda, still utterly at sea. "Jack Dempsey is the sunniest-tempered man alive. He is the last one to take such a course. I sometimes think, if it were not for Tempest, he would give the whole thing up to you—that is, the Rock House and the few acres—and move away."

"And then, too," continues this much-abused young man, "I have heard that the girl has been doing some pretty rough talking about me among some of our mutual friends."

"Well, you know, one would not expect it of her to feel very friendly towards you," suggests Lady Hilda, deprecatingly.

"Well, that's a fact," admits Dempsey, moodily. "Who told you this?" proceeds this gentle diplomatist.

"I fancy there is no secret about it. Philip told me."

Lady Montclaire flushes angrily.

"Philip is a fool—I would not like to think him

a knave. The fact is"—again with her sunny smile—"Philip is rather embittered against Tempest because she cannot fetch herself to feel tenderly towards him; and while I so sincerely esteem the dear girl that I should be enchanted to have her for a daughter, I owe her nothing for thinking otherwise; Hugh, you and your cousin should be friends."

"And so," proceeds Dempsey, now that the influence of his well-tried friend has swept away the barriers of his reserve, "I came down here with the intention of looking the people up—I did not know they were traveling—and of pushing on the matter. My father being laid up for six years before his death, the suit has since lain rather in abeyance. About six months ago, I wrote Jack Dempsey, asking if there was not a possibility of an amicable adjustment of the difficulty. At first I thought they were going to refuse me even the common decency of a reply. A few weeks ago it came, a very defiant and unsatisfactory letter; and so I have concluded that if they want ruin they shall be gratified."

Lady Hilda looks extremely miserable.

"At least promise me this," she begs. "You will trust to letters no longer, but call upon them to-morrow after they arrive."

And thus importuned, Hugh finally gives the required promise.

Then he rises, takes one or two turns across the long old chamber, after which he turns abruptly upon his companion.

"I fancy I have news for you," he says, slowly. "I should say that your friends have played you a trick, and turned up twenty-four hours too soon. Unless I am greatly mistaken, they returned to Cornwall by the same train that brought me."

He then proceeds to describe his fellow-tourists, his companion recognizing them, and admitting with great vexation that it must have been they.

Then Dempsey again became silent, doing some vigorous thinking upon the profound subject of a particularly rakish little cap, a shaggy ulster, and a seductive pair of French boots.

And when the gloomy but elegant Philip lounges into the comfortable old room, with the usually discontented but becoming shadow upon his highbred countenance, Dempsey looks at him with an unusual degree of interest.

"And so the poor beggar is really in love with my amiable kinswoman," Hugh muses, in idle amusement; Montclaire has not been considered impressionable to feminine charms.

At the same time, Lady Hilda still bewildered by what she has heard, is telling herself again and again:

"There must be some wretched mistake. Jack Dempsey could never write such letters to a man who had never molested him."

(To be continued.)

## PHOTOGRAPHING CHICAGO CRIMINALS.

OUR illustration of a scene at Police Headquarters in Chicago—photographing criminals—has an immediate interest in connection with the Anarchist trials in that city. The portraits of all these wretched conspirators appear in the Rogues' Gallery, which has proved so valuable for the practical purposes of the police force. The head of the photographing department, whose operations our picture illustrates, Mr. Michael P. Evans, former secretary of the Detective Bureau, has invented and patented an album, gigantic in size and peculiarly adapted for the uses to which it is put, being very simple in construction, cheap in price, and durable in make. It will hold 2,500 pictures, and is about the size and shape of a good-sized atlas. By means of the system of book-keeping carried on in connection with the Rogues' Gallery proper, the department is enabled to keep perfect track of and identify every criminal who has come into conflict with the authorities, and also to have him punished under the Habitual-criminals Act. A system of interchange of pictures is carried on with the principal cities of the Union. But this, as yet, is rather incomplete and unsatisfactory, most of the other cities being considerably behind Chicago in this respect.

## THE NATIONAL ENCAMPMENT, G. A. R., AT SAN FRANCISCO.

THE Grand Army of the Republic is going to the Golden Gate. The selection of San Francisco as the place for the Twentieth National Encampment has put all California on her mettle to justify her reputation for bounteous hospitality. Her cornucopia is filled to the brim for the veterans in blue who are flocking westward from the remotest corners of the Union. The great commanders will all be there, and the Posts throughout the country will be represented in such numbers as to make this probably the most notable National Encampment yet held. The railroads, East and West, have made liberal special rates for the occasion, and are repaid by a great rush of travelers who have seized the opportunity to make the grand tour.

The Encampment begins on Monday, August 2d, to last until Thursday, the 12th; the programme including, besides the civic entertainment in San Francisco, visits to Santa Rosa and the Sonoma Valley, Santa Cruz, Monterey, Oakland, San José, Sacramento, and a trip around the Bay of San Francisco. Special arrangements have also been made enabling visitors from the East to return via Portland, Oregon.

Grand preparations for the event have been in progress for a month past. The Decoration Committee have dressed San Francisco in her most sumptuous holiday attire. Market Street, at the Bancroft Building, is spanned by a triumphal arch eighty feet high, adorned with colossal statues of Washington, Lincoln, Grant and Farragut, by Marion Wells; surmounted by an immense spread eagle, thirty-five feet from tip to tip; and bearing, besides the motto "Union Forever," all the corps badges, and the coats-of-arms of the States and Territories. Market, Kearny, Montgomery, California, Pine, Bush, Sutter and Post Streets, and, for a block or more, all streets running into Market Street, have a twenty-foot United States bunting flag suspended in the centre of each alter-



nate block, bearing the name of some battle. Bunting, badges and emblems are displayed in profusion throughout the city, producing an effect of beauty and animation. The various musical organizations have rehearsed an elaborate programme for the grand concert at the Mechanics' Pavilion, on Wednesday evening, August 4th. The following is a general outline of the programme of the encampment: *First Day—Monday, August 2d*—Business meetings; review of Second Brigade of the National Guard of California, tendered to the Commander-in-chief of the Grand Army of the Republic; to be followed by a reception and grand ball to the officers and delegates of the National Encampment, G. A. R., and of the National Convention of the Woman's Relief Corps. *Second Day—Tuesday, August 3d*—Grand parade, and general reception, with addresses of welcome by the Governor of the State, Mayor of the city, and Department Commander. *Third Day—Wednesday, August 4th*—Legislative session; meeting of the National Convention of Woman's Relief Corps; grand concert and banquet, with Post reception. *Fourth Day—Thursday, August 5th*—Excursion to Santa Cruz. *Fifth Day—Friday, August 6th*—Excursion to Monterey, receptions, etc. *Sixth Day—Saturday, August 7th*—Excursion around the bay, and grand camp-fire. On the Monday following, there will be an excursion to Oakland, with a grand reception by citizens of that city to newly elected officers, etc. Wednesday and Thursday will be occupied by the excursion to Sacramento, via Napa Valley.

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER is indebted to the General Committee of Management for courtesies extended, and to I.W. Taber, photographer, for portraits of officers and the view of the City of San Francisco, given on page 373.

#### PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

##### THE RECENT ELECTION IN CORNWALL.

Our illustration of a political meeting at Fowey, in Cornwall, admirably presents the characteristics of the place and people. The anxious candidate appears to be very much in earnest in his appeal to the voters, but they, on the other hand, maintain a remarkably placid demeanor, and it may be doubted whether he has really many adherents among his listeners.

##### THE LATE CARDINAL GUIBERT, ARCHBISHOP OF PARIS.

Cardinal Guibert, the venerable Archbishop of Paris, died on the 8th inst., at the age of eighty-four years. Born at Aix, he early entered a convent of the abbates at Marseilles. After finishing his theological studies in Rome, he became Vicar-general and Superior of the Seminary of Ajaccio, and in 1841 was nominated Bishop of Viviers. Promoted to the Archbishopric of Tours in 1857, he occupied that seat during the last fourteen years of the Empire. After the defeat of the Commune, he was called to Paris by M. Thiers to succeed Mgr. Darboy, who fell a victim of that deplorable strife. He was installed in November, 1871, and was created Cardinal two years later. Monseigneur Guibert's piety, austerity and asceticism were proverbial. His activity in the duties of his post were constant, and his name will always be intimately associated with the grand Church of the Sacred Heart, now in course of erection at Montmartre. To the task of securing funds and beginning the work upon this monumental edifice of the future, he devoted his chief energies of his latter years.

##### THE ROYAL HOLLOWAY COLLEGE FOR WOMEN.

We reproduce a picture of the new Royal Holloway College, at Egham, England, opened by Queen Victoria on the 30th ult. Egham is in Surrey, and only three miles from Windsor. The new college, which is one of the most vast and sumptuous buildings of the kind in the world, is to be devoted to the cause of higher female education. It is a monument to the munificence of the late Mr. Thomas Holloway, who, having accumulated a large fortune by the sale of his patent medicines, spent no less than £800,000 (four million dollars) in building, furnishing, adorning and endowing this great college for the use of women of the middle and upper-middle classes. The building is of red brick, with dressings of Portland stone, and in the style of the French Renaissance, with suggestions of the great castles on the Loire. Education and luxury will here go hand-in-hand. Every student is to have two rooms, and for every six there is to be a common room. There is a handsome chapel, a luxurious library, a picture-gallery containing works by the greatest English masters, and an endowment fund which produces something like £7,000 a year. The architect of this noble building is Mr. W. H. Crossland, F. R. I. B. A., and the cornerstone was laid in September, 1879. The site is a picturesque wooded slope, called Mount Lee. The building forms a double quadrangle, 550 feet long and 376 feet wide. It contains nearly one thousand rooms, and provision is made for 250 students and an ample staff. The college is to be mainly self-supporting. Students will not be admitted under the age of seventeen years, must pass a satisfactory examination, and their residence, except in special instances, will be restricted to four years. The deed of foundation states that "the curriculum of the college shall not be such as to discourage students who desire a liberal education apart from the Greek and Latin languages; and proficiency in classics shall not entitle students to rewards of merit over others equally proficient in other branches of knowledge." No test of religious opinions will be required. Ultimately, power will be sought enabling the Holloway College to confer degrees; until such power is obtained, it is intended that the students shall qualify themselves to take their degrees at the University of London, or at any other University where degrees may be obtained by them.

##### STATUE TO LAMARTINE.

We give an illustration of the statue erected at Peasey, France, to Alphonse de Lamartine, which was unveiled on the 7th inst. The statue, situated in the square close to the villa where the great poet died—and which is now to be called the Square Lamartine—is a work of art of great merit. The artist, M. Marquet de Vasselot, has represented Lamartine sitting in an armchair with his legs crossed and head slightly inclining to one side. The poet is dressed in the frock-coat with the high collar worn in 1830. The sculptor has done justice to the aristocratic beauty of Lamartine's countenance, which has upon it an expression of mildness and gravity. The bronze figure is Lamartine, the Grand Seigneur, the great poet. The pedestal is not yet complete, but the front stone, which is in its place, bears the

simple inscription, cut in relief out of the stone itself: "A. Lamartine." The inaugural ceremonies included the singing of a chorus composed for the occasion, and addresses by MM. Floquet, Goblet, Arsène Houssaye, and others.

##### GUSTAV FREYTAG.

The German novelist, Gustav Freytag, has just reached the hale old age of seventy years, and the anniversary of his birth, which occurred July 13th, 1816, was made the occasion of wide newspaper comment, and other recognition, throughout Germany. The illustrious author was born in Kreusberg, Silesia; studied at the Universities of Breslau and Berlin; and early adopted the profession of literature, writing poetry and plays which met with a favorable reception. A complete edition of them was published in Leipzig in 1848. In that year, jointly with Julian Schmidt, he became editor of the *Grenzboten*, and in 1854 he was appointed Councilor of the Court and Lecturer of the Duke of Gotha. In 1855 appeared his novel, "Soll und Haben," which gained for him a wide popularity, and was translated into many languages. Since then he has written many works which have added to his reputation, most of them having been translated into English and widely read in this country and England.

##### THE MUMMY OF SESOSTRIS.

The unbandaging of the mummy of the Egyptian sovereign Sesostris (Ramses II.) was recently accomplished at the Boulak Museum, Cairo, by M. Gaston Maspero, Director-general of the Egyptian excavations and antiquities. This interesting operation was witnessed by the Khedive, the officers of the museum, and other distinguished personages and antiquaries of Cairo. The body had been embalmed in the manner of the ancient Egyptians, and was tightly enveloped in numerous winding-sheets; the latter, like the wooden coffin, bearing hieroglyphic inscriptions in red and black. These coverings being removed, the features of the Egyptian conqueror, who died more than three thousand years ago, were exposed to the light of day. They were marvelously preserved, giving a perfect idea of the features, and even the expression, of the ancient monarch. The entire body was in a good state of preservation, although the reduction of the flesh had changed its appearance more than that of the head. The latter was that of an aged man. The top of the skull was bald, but on the back and sides remained a thick fringe of white hair, stained yellow by the spices and perfumes of the embalmers. The face was shaven. It was of an elongated type, with bold, sharp features, and the skin resembled brownish-yellow parchment. According to records long since established, Ramses II. reigned sixty-seven years independently, besides several years with his father, Seti I. He must, therefore, have lived to be almost a centenarian.

##### ALBANY'S SPECTACULAR PARADE.

The festivities of Albany's Bi-centennial Celebration passed off brilliantly, extending over the first five days of last week, and following the general programme given in the previous issue of this paper. The weather was for the most part favorable, and the literary and spectacular features attracted crowds from all parts of the State. Tuesday's "Parade of All Nations"—meaning all the nations that have contributed to the population of Albany—was most picturesque, and furnishes the subject of our illustration on page 376. The parade started at 9 o'clock A. M. In the First Division was a large float bearing young women representing the various provinces of Holland, and dressed in typical costumes. Following was a windmill, with millers in peasant costume at work. In this division also marched the St. Andrew's and Caledonian Societies, arrayed in kilts and tartans.

In the Second Division were the French Canadians of Albany, Troy and Green Island, with a band from Plattsburg. They bore the banners of the St. Jean Baptiste Societies of their respective localities. On a handsomely decorated float was a figure of St. John the Baptist, as a child, with a live lamb beside it. In carriages rode a number of gayly dressed members of lacrosse and snowshoe clubs. The Italians also marched in this division.

The Third Division marched beneath the green flag of Ireland. It comprised the Hibernian Rifle Corps, the St. Joseph's, St. John's and St. Mary's Societies, the Robert Emmet Association, Hibernians, United Irishmen, and branches of the Irish National League. One float, decorated in green and gold, bore aloft in its centre a throne, on which was seated a young woman, representing Erin, while surrounding her were other young women dressed in white and green, representing the provinces and counties of Ireland. Another float bore figures representing Emmet and Parnell, the former with his hands bound as a felon. Then came the Apollo and Cecilia Singing Clubs, the Liederkreis, and numerous other German societies. "Germania" was typified by a stately blonde seated in a grand float, decorated with bunting and wreaths of flowers. She was surrounded by representations of Mozart, Schwartz, Goethe, Kepler and Wagner. The Cecilia Singing Society and the Maenner Quartet had floats in the line, and entertained guests from Troy and Amsterdam.

The various divisions were greeted with enthusiastic cheers the whole length of the route, which was along Pearl Street, up Clinton Avenue to Perry Street, and down Central Avenue to Washington, to Eagle Street, where the final bow was made before the crowds on the reviewing-stand. After the parade the German societies marched out to Washington Park, and, with elaborate musical and literary ceremonies, planted a memorial oak.

Thursday, the anniversary day, witnessed the climax of the great festival. President Cleveland, accompanied by Secretary of State Bayard, Secretary of the Navy Whitney, and Colonel Lamont, arrived from Washington by special train early in the morning. The President breakfasted with Governor Hill at the Executive Mansion. At ten o'clock began the great military parade of over 3,000 men, comprising regiments of the National Guard, veterans of the war, and some of the finest military organizations of the State. The Fourth Division of the procession, led by Cappa's Band, escorted the President and his party, Governor Hill and Mayor Thatcher. The parade lasted three hours; and at half-past one P. M. began the literary exercises at the Lark Street Bunk, of which the principal features were Governor Hill's oration, brief addresses by President Cleveland, Mayor Thatcher, and Secretaries Bayard and Whitney, together with the reading of an historical poem entitled "Peter Schnyler's Mandate," by Mr. William H. McElroy. In the

evening, Governor Hill gave a dinner in honor of his guests. Later, the municipal reception was held in the Senate Chamber of the Capitol. At half-past ten the President and his party visited the Fort Orange Club, and at midnight they took their departure for Washington by special train. The great popular feature of the evening was the magnificent display of fireworks in Washington Park, which fittingly closed the bi-centennial celebration. The chief of the pyrotechnical pictures represented the landing of Hudson at Albany, and which is reproduced in one of our engravings.

We are indebted to Nottman, of Albany, for photos of scenes and places of interest in that city in connection with the recent celebration. Persons desirous of procuring views commemorative of that event, or of the historic objects of that old town, will find his collection at once complete and attractive.

#### FACTS OF INTEREST.

JAY GOULD manages to spend \$6,500 a month, which is at the rate of \$78,000 a year, upon his steam-yacht *Altalanta*. It costs something to own the prize pleasure-craft.

A new island has been found in the North Pacific by a British steamer on her voyage from Sydney to Shanghai. "Allison" Island—named after the commander of the ship—lies between Durour Island and the Echiquier Group, in lat. 1 deg. 25 min. S., and long. 143 deg. 26 sec. E. It is about two or three miles long, rises from 100 to 150 feet, and is well wooded.

CALIFORNIA has at last got down to using the despised cent in making change. In flush times, no Californian would recognize a coin smaller than a ten-cent "bit," and it required a struggle to acclimatize the nickel. Our fellow-citizens on the Pacific Coast have just begun to discover that even the cent has its uses, if only for bestowing upon the blind beggar or the excursion-boat musician.

The final analysis of the pollings in the recent British elections gives the Unionists 1,524,107 votes, and the Gladstonians 1,447,652. For a correct estimate of the popular vote there must be added the electorate of 118 Unionist seats which were not contested, a total of 1,065,104 votes, and that of the 104 uncontested Gladstonian seats, a total of 805,877 votes. The popular vote results in a Unionist majority of 272,682.

ART in Paris is fast recovering from its late depression. The Salon which recently closed was most successful, and brought in a net profit of \$48,000. This money will go to the Artists' Benevolent Fund. Altogether 372,000 persons visited the Salon in fifty-six days, 30,000 more visitors than last year. For the future the first sketch of every picture bought by the state is to be given to the Government to form a collection of original studies.

OCCASIONALLY Mr. Beecher attends "church" in England, but he preaches in "chapels" only; for in England the most magnificent churches used by Dissenters are called "chapels," while the Anglican buildings are called "churches." Quite in keeping with this local prejudice, Stormonth's dictionary defines a "chapel" as "a subordinate place of public worship," and a "church" as "an edifice or building consecrated or set apart for the worship of God."

The growth of the Knights of Pythias since 1884, as shown by the report of the Supreme Chancellor, recently given to the Press, is unprecedented. The total membership in 1884 was 130,000. The increase since then has been at the rate of between 400 and 500 members a week, being now, including the new Grand Jurisdiction of New Brunswick, nearly 175,000 members. It has 45 grand lodges and 2,500 subordinate lodges. Between three and four millions of dollars have been paid out to widows and orphans by the Order since its organization.

THE frost-bell is doubtless the means of saving many tons of grapes in the northern portion of California, where the frost sometimes does so much damage. It consists of a wire running from different parts of the vineyard to the house. On the vineyard end of the wire is an apparatus that rings a bell at the house when the thermometer descends to a certain degree. When the bell is let off the occupants of the house know that their vines are in danger, and immediately repair to the vineyard and light fires in different quarters, and thus prevent, through the agency of this ingenious electrical device, the loss of tons of the most luscious fruit grown on the Pacific Slope.

THE cost of transporting one passenger or one ton per mile has practically remained the same on all roads in Great Britain during the past twenty years. On New York roads the cost has decreased fifty-one per cent., and on Pennsylvania roads seventy-six per cent., within that time. The average English locomotive makes only two-thirds as much mileage as the American, and hauls only thirty-six per cent. as much weight. Five hundred and fifty American locomotives on the Pennsylvania Railroad do as much work as 2,476 engines on the London and Northwestern Railroad. If that foreign company had as good engines as the Pennsylvania Company, it would save \$620,000 per year. English engineers stubbornly deny all these facts, but the reports of the railway managers render their denials futile.

#### DEATH-ROLL OF THE WEEK.

JULY 18th.—In West Orange, N. J., Mrs. Mary Fenn, formerly editor of the *Herald of Progress*, and an officer of Sorosis, aged 62 years. *July 19th*—In Noank, Conn., Captain H. C. Chester, of the United States Fish Commission. *July 21st*—In Yonkers, N. Y., Hugh McCulloch, a prominent Cuban sugar planter, aged 71 years; in Germany, Karl von Piloty, the celebrated painter. *July 22d*—In New York, Dr. Alfred S. Purdy, distinguished physician and surgeon, aged 78 years; in Washington, D. C., Assistant Secretary of State William Hunter, of Rhode Island, aged 81 years; in Dresden, Germany, Emil Scaria, the famous basso, aged 46 years; in Paris, Désiré M. Leblond, eminent French lawyer and statesman, aged 74 years; at Cold Spring, L. I., Francis H. Amidon, hatter, aged 73 years. *July 23d*—In Washington, D. C., Captain Leonard Whitney, special agent of the Western Union Telegraph Company; in Boston, Mass., Giuseppina Morlacchi, well-known singer, aged 43 years; in New Haven, Conn., Dexter Russell Wright, prominent lawyer, and ex-Speaker of the House of Representatives, aged 65 years; in Berlin, Maximilian Wolfgang Duncker, the German historian, aged 74 years.

#### PERSONAL GOSSIP.

THE health of ex-President Arthur is now said to be considerably improved.

HUBERT HERKOMER has been awarded a gold medal by the Berlin Academy of Fine Arts.

REV. DR. TALMAGE, of Brooklyn, will spend the Summer, with his family, at Asheville, N. C.

NEXT month the King of Portugal will visit London and be lodged in Buckingham Palace.

DAVID DAVIS was not among the millionaires, though reputed so rich. His fortune foots up \$850,000.

DAVID CHRISTIE MURRAY, the novelist, and the cleverest of correspondents in the European part of the Turkish War, intends lecturing in America soon.

THE stud of the Empress of Austria is to be brought to the hammer, to Her Majesty's great regret. She obeys the doctor's orders by riding no more.

It is authoritatively announced that the President and his wife will take their only Summer outing at an obscure point in the Adirondack wilderness.

WINSLOW, the Boston forger, is a big man in Buenos Ayres. He edits the leading paper there, is an unequalled lobbyist, a shrewd diplomat, the founder of several banks, and the chief lion of society.

It is said that the Prince of Wales was very earnestly on Mr. Gladstone's side in the recent Parliamentary campaign. Certain it is that the laborers on his Sandringham estate voted to a man for Joseph Arch.

JOHN BARD, who was chief engineer of the New York elevated railroads when they were built, is in an insane asylum at Flushing, L. I. He is worth fully a million dollars, and efforts are now being made to procure his release on the ground of partial recovery.

MISS MAUD BANKS, daughter of General N. P. Banks, who has been studying for the stage for several years, will make her debut at Portsmouth, N. H., on the 23d of August. It is said that she will enter upon a theatrical career much against her father's wishes.

MR. BEECHER, now in London, is overwhelmed with applications to preach and lecture. He requires the services of four secretaries to keep up with his daily correspondence. He is less of a social lion than was expected, but his popular success is undeniable.

A DAUGHTER of General John B. Gordon, whose nomination for Governor in Georgia is now conceded, is spoken of as the belle of the South. During the recent visit of Jefferson Davis to that State, Miss Gordon and Miss Davis, who accompanied her father, received more admiration than both their sires together. They are opposite types of beauty.

RICHARD VOAS, an aged pensioner of the English Government, died at Chatham Centre, Columbia County, N. Y., on the 16th inst. He was born in England in 1794. He served in the English Army under Wellington, and was at the famous battle of Waterloo. Soon afterwards he came to America and settled at Chatham Centre, following the trade of a custom tailor.

THOMAS STEVENS, the bicyclist, who is traveling around the world, sailed from Constantinople for India on June 23d. He was held nineteen days a prisoner in Afghanistan when within ten days' journey of Calcutta, and could easily have reached his goal had the English military authorities not had strong reasons for not letting him behind the scenes on the British frontier.

MR. GEORGE A. BATES, of Wilmington, Del., started last week for the Samoan Islands on a secret mission for the Government. He goes as a Commissioner from this country, and will there meet representatives from England, France and Germany. It is generally believed that the meeting is to discuss the neutral position of the islands. Mr. Bates is a personal friend of Secretary Bayard.

DR. MARY WALKER, while traveling on a Connecticut railway, alighted from the cars for a little exercise, and becoming indignant at a man whose cigar burned too close to her face, struck the cigar from his mouth. Not being recognized by him, a fight was imminent for a time. The *gamins* found out who she was, and she was hooted to the car, from the window of which she lectured the entire crowd.

THE King of Servia has fully regained his popularity with his people after the disastrous Bulgarian War. He has granted medals to the ladies who followed the Queen's example in caring for the wounded in the hospitals. In his speech opening the Skupstchina, last week, the King laid stress upon the fact that Servia's relations with Bulgaria were the same as they were before the recent war. This declaration was received with cheers.

GENERAL SHERMAN is a lion of the hour in San Francisco. He is glad to get back to that coast, he says, though he can stay but six weeks. Before some comrades, the other night, he exclaimed, warmly: "I am here an old veteran; I guess the oldest in this room. I see in your eyes the fire of patriotism as bright as when the bugle-blast was heard on the field of battle." So we see that it is all right to say "old veteran" in spite of the purists.

GILBERT and SULLIVAN's new opera may be called "The Khedive"—and it may not. A well-known manager, who has had personal dealings with the composer, says: "People imagine that Sir Arthur Sullivan spends a year composing his opera. As a matter of fact, he leaves it until the very last moment. 'The Mikado' was left so late that he had to call in the aid of Cellier and some one else. Sullivan does not write a little at a time. When it is necessary he sets to work, and furnishes his music in an extremely limited space of time."

QUEEN ELIZABETH of Roumania has just brought out two novels—"Astra" and "Des Deux Mondes." Instead of her usual *nom de plume*, "Carmen Sylva," the Queen signs her new works respectively "Dito" and "Item," in order to disguise her authorship. Speaking of royal writers, the poems supposed to have been composed by the late unfortunate Ludwig of Bavaria are being sought for among the King's papers. Some years ago he sent a huge manuscript to a printer in Munich, ordering a single copy to be printed in most luxurious style. No one but the composer who set the type was to see the manuscript, and both the original and all the proof-sheets were to be returned to the King directly the poem was printed.

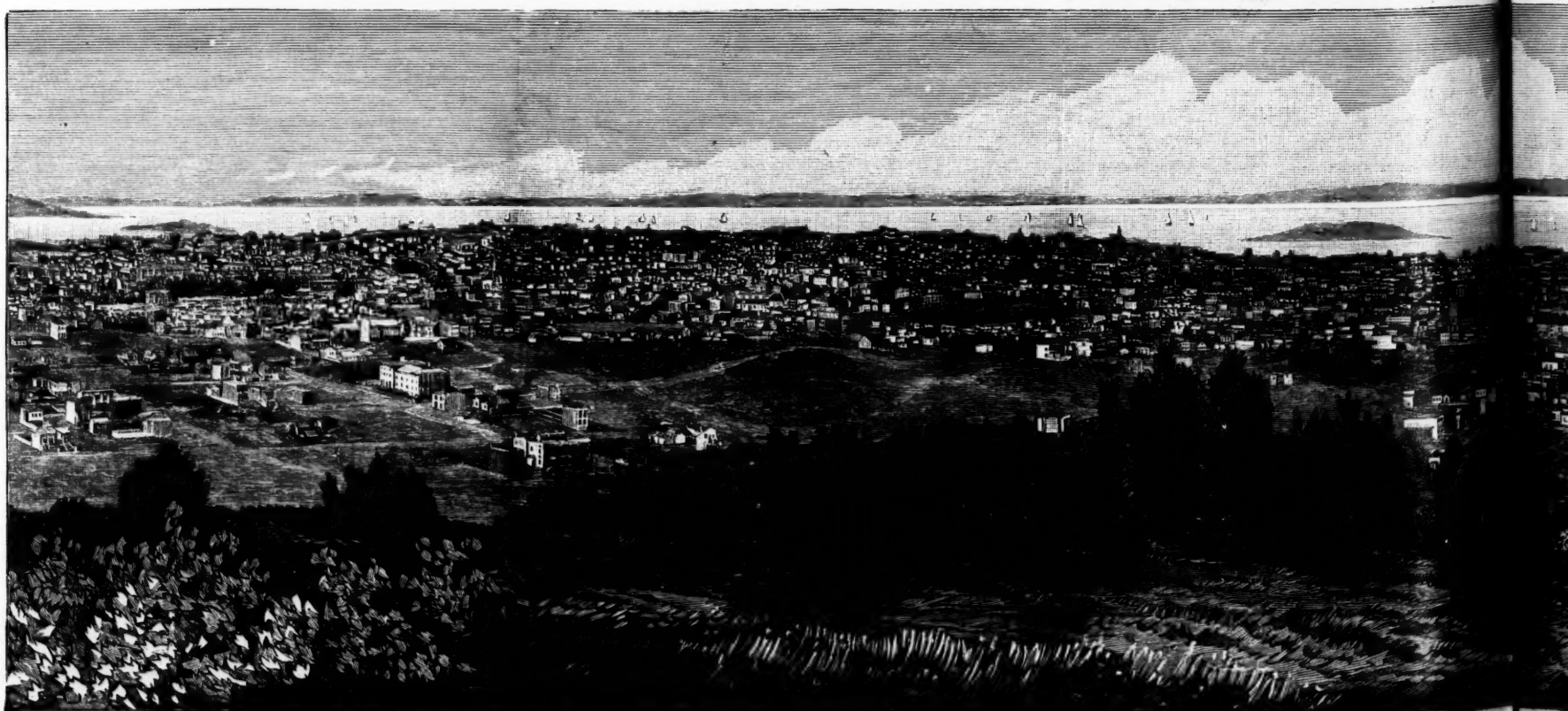




NEW YORK.—THE BI-CENTENARY OF ALBANY—A PART OF THE HISTORICAL PROCESSION PASSING UNDER THE OLD CITY GATE, CORNER OF BROADWAY AND STEUBEN STREET.  
SEE PAGE 375.



NOVA SCOTIA.—CONSTRUCTING, ON THE OF

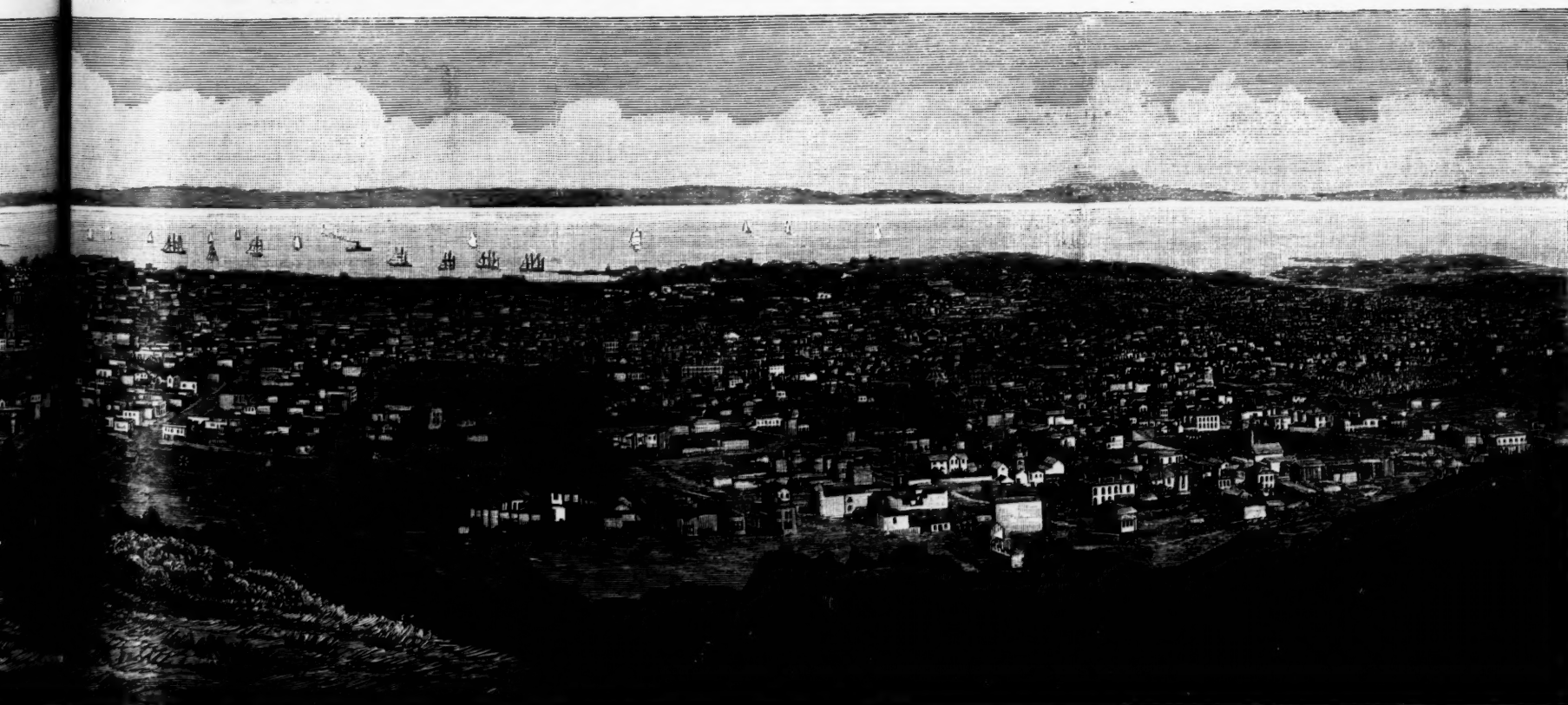


CALIFORNIA.—THE TWENTIETH NATIONAL ENCAMPMENT, GALT SAN  
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.—SEE





ON THE MOUTH OF TWO RIVERS, THE LARGEST RAFT OF LOGS EVER BUILT. 2. THE METHOD TO BE EMPLOYED IN TOWING THE RAFT AT SEA.  
SEE PAGE 379.



ST. G. A. SAN FRANCISCO, AUGUST 2d.—GENERAL VIEW OF THE CITY.  
SEE PAGE 374.



## The Shadow from Varraz.

By PROF. CLARENCE M. BOUTELLE,  
Author of "The Wages of Sin," "The Love and  
Loves that Jack Had," "Of Two Evils,"  
Etc., Etc., Etc.

CHAPTER XXVI.—READINGS AND COMMENTS BY  
THE COUNT.

"THE first thing to be done," said the count to himself, "is to look this room over and see what caused that light." He walked slowly the whole length of the room. He opened the door of the other closet. I don't know how the result of the investigation, so far, suited him. I know it was a source of genuine relief to me to see that the little room was empty. I hadn't thought much about it until I had done the most natural thing in the world when I heard him coming, concealed my light and gone into hiding myself. After that, during the few moments which elapsed before the count opened the other closet-door, I had wondered, not whether some one was hidden there, but who it would be found to be. The empty closet was a great relief to me. And yet—

"I'll glance into the other," said the count. My hand was never steadier. I had never felt a greater need. In self-defense, whether I could hope to prove it later or not, the question between Count Varraz and myself, this night, had only one side. I had all the advantage. I would keep it and use it.

Do you remember the danger which menaced me when I first met Count Varraz in the forest glade where murdered William Viesterbrock lay? Surely the danger to Count Varraz as he turned my way was a thousand times what mine had been. I raised my pistol slowly. Its muzzle almost reached the crack in the door. My eye looked along the shining barrel. I was looking at the count's forehead, just between his eyes. My finger touched the trigger. I pressed it gently. Another moment and the count would have paid for his inquisitiveness at least, to say nothing of his wickedness, with his life.

What little things turn the whole current of life! What trivial events shape the fate of individuals or of nations! What memories rise up to turn away danger!—and we never know, we never know!

For Count Varraz never knew how near he stood to death that night.

What saved him?

A memory. A memory of the tedious words of a talkative old man in far-away England. I didn't remember the beginning of the colonel's story, nor do I to this day. I cannot say whether he finally killed his beast or not. The partial sentence, "I waited until the muzzle of my weapon almost touched the tiger—" flashed across my mind. It seemed strangely appropriate. I waited.

A flash of lightning, the first I had seen during the stormy night thus far, shone in the window. A roar of thunder shook the noisy night.

"It must have been that," said the count to himself, "though it seemed longer-continued and steadier. Imagination—imagination and the wine I drank at dinner are undoubtedly responsible for my mistake."

He walked back to the table, and stood looking down at the dusty sheets of paper.

"Ugh! Dust. How horribly suggestive! But it had to be! It had to be!"

He took a handkerchief from his pocket, and proceeded to dust off the manuscript.

"I was a fool," he said, sharply, "to let imagination play such a fantastic trick with my nerves. I might have known that no one could be here."

I wondered what he would have said to certain indications of mud and water, if his light and his eyes had been better. But he saw nothing of these things, nothing of much which he should have seen; the papers were to him the most important of anything that the house could by any possibility contain; there was the untouched dust of weeks and months upon them; that was all; that was enough; he saw no more. We are all poor of sight, and possessed of but a poor light and meagre powers of observation, I sometimes think. Men die in poverty, and their friends lift them tenderly to find the soil beneath them full of gold; men go heart-hungry all their lives, and eyes weep bitter tears over them dead, whose loving glances they would have given worlds to win. Count Varraz was not the only one to sit down and prate of what he would never have told on the rack; Count Varraz was not the only man who has shut his eyes to the evident. It is a lesson—a lesson—but you may preach it out for yourself.

He laid his hand upon the back of a chair. He placed his lantern on the table. I could see him shiver. His eyes were like coals of fire.

He reached over and touched the papers. Then he drew back. It seemed as though his fear was equal to his hope. I had never quite realized the importance of what I hoped to find until I saw how the count regarded it. His hope was so desperate that he could not bear to fail; suspense for a little longer was better than the risk of disappointment which trial entailed.

"The fool wrote it, of course," he said, bitterly; "I almost hate myself for never thinking of that until now. I knew his habits too well ever to have doubted it. And never until within twenty-four hours had the idea occurred to me. I've pondered it well. I know he put the hateful secret on paper somewhere. What did his last words, just as the swords cut him down, mean, unless they meant that? Nothing. Nothing. Of course they meant that."

He touched the paper again, but his irresolution again held him back.

"What shall I do if I fail?" he wailed. "What shall I do? The secret may as well be given to the birds and the breezes, to tell everywhere and to every one, if I cannot find William Viesterbrock's record of it and destroy it."

He caught up the papers with a sudden swing of his hand, and held them at his side. I could hear them rustle in his shaking fingers. His eyes were half averted from them. His face was paler than it had been.

"If I find what I hope to find, I can bid defiance to every one. I can live in security after that. Lady Ilga may marry her American lover then, and welcome. It would be a relief to my mind to have her in America instead of in Germany. I should find it safer. The sweet sister of the olden days has changed greatly. She suspects more than is quite pleasant, though I flatter myself I care as little as any one can for suspicion which cannot prove, and for hate which fails to hurt."

The count seated himself at the table, his back to me.

"Yes," he went on; "I shall be glad to give Mr. John Adams Sylvester my hearty consent, if this night's work is a success."

I mentally thanked the count. He spread the papers out on the table. He drew the lantern nearer to him.

"If I fail," he said, in a tone which commenced reflectively and became savage; "if—I—fail; Mr. John A. Sylvester, tourist, Pennsylvania, United States, gentleman of leisure by the grace of coal oil—is a spy! If I fail, my whole future will be a battle; the first serious business I attend to will be the killing of this conceited, impertinent, disagreeable, inquisitive and overbearing young upstart."

It may be necessary to explain that the count had not changed the subject; he was still speaking of me.

I wondered whether the count would have rested so well if he had known whose eyes were watching him. Would he have felt the ease he did, the comparative ease, if he had known that my fingers were handling the lock of a good revolver, and that the weapon was so pointed that, if it should happen to go off, he would be sure to get hurt?

"I—I suppose I counted the cost when I began," he said, with a growl; "and if it was all to do over again, I'd take the same path. The prize has been worth all it has cost; it has been worth all it will."

He smoothed out the papers. He took up the first sheet. He read the heading aloud: "The Words of William Viesterbrock." "The Words of William Viesterbrock," he repeated, meditatively, as he laid the paper down for a moment; "that promises well. I think I may dare hope."

He picked the paper up again, and read the first two sentences which it contained, the same sentences as those which I had just finished when I heard the count at the door.

He leaned back in his chair with a cry of joy, not joy at the terrible tale these two brief sentences told—terrible to him—terrible to the man who had not been brave enough and just enough to face the truth with honor; but joy that the hand of the dead man had left them here behind him; joy in the belief that nowhere else in the world were those words written.

He took up the paper again. He continued to read. This was what followed:

"Hilda, the nurse, told me this a week ago. I don't know why she told me, unless it was because she knew I did not like my cousin Carl. She felt that she was weak herself, I suppose, and wanted to be strong in the aid of some one else—some one who had two reasons for wishing to see justice done—his love of justice for its own sake, and his dislike and distrust of Count Varraz."

The count laid down the paper. He spoke slowly and bitterly to himself:

"I have found it. I am safe. I need do nothing more in the way of crime. I am almost glad to let Sylvester live. I suppose he does not dream that the result of this night's work was to settle his fate. As it is, the Lady Ilga may be his wife. He may take her to a happy home in his own country. She has fully recovered her reason, though they imagine I do not know it. A fully recovered memory means danger to me, danger and ugly suspicion. But, with these papers burned, I am safe. I hated to kill Sylvester, spy though he is; he seems to bear a charmed life; I wonder Hans gave his life for him; I wonder why? This settles it all. He is safe. If I had failed, I would have put one danger out of my path for ever before another night. That danger would have borne the name of John Adams Sylvester."

He took up the paper again. Again he read:

"I did not forget that my father's sister was the mother of Count Carl Varraz; I did not forget that she had lived in honor all her life, nor that the old-time wickedness of the Varraz line seemed to have died out before her husband became the master at Castle Varraz. Honor! honor! I thought that the one wicked error of their lives could be atoned for in quiet, and no one outside the family itself ever be the wiser. I went to the man I distrusted, asking him to save the honor of his house by the glory of self-sacrifice. I should have gone to the legal authorities. I should have remembered that a man who had been master at Castle Varraz as long as Carl had would be unlikely to undo any wrong his parents had done, when the undoing it would cost him something. I know now what I should have done. But regret comes too late. I went to Carl Varraz."

"At first he was incredulous. Then he was angry. Then he was defiant."

"There is proof," said I.

"Where?" said he.

"No matter," said I, "where it is. Hilda and I know, and that is enough."

"I will dispute it," he asserted.

"It will do you no good to do that," I assured him; "whenever your actions make it necessary to produce the written statement of what I have told you, the written statement, with the signatures of your father, your mother, and the nurse Hilda, written below, it can be brought forward."

"And when was this precious document written?" he asked, with a sneer.

"Long ago, when you were a mere infant," I answered him.

"I'll tear down the castle but what I'll find it," he said.

"It is not in your castle, Count Varraz," said I, "nor yet in Germany. No one knew of its existence but Hilda. She has told no one but me. Do what is right, and it need never be produced."

"Produce it, and let me judge its genuineness," he asked.

"Never," I said. "If I bring that document into Germany, I shall put it into the hands of those who decide legal questions. I know too much to trust you, Carl Varraz."

"Then he was angry. He raged. He stormed. He threatened. It was of no avail. I was firm in my demands that he should do right."

"He begged next. I saw the tears run down his cheeks in streams. Tears could not move me. Entreaties could not melt me. My resolution was adamant."

The count laid aside the paper.

"Curse him!" he said.

Then he read again:

"He tried bribery. He offered me money: a tenth of all the great Varraz fortune, a princely property to a modest man as I; a quarter; a half; so much that he would have begged himself, keeping no more than his castle and his title."

"Do right," I said. It was the only answer I had for him.

"He offered the most glittering bribe of all at last: the hand of the Lady Ilga. Not that she loved me; that was nothing to him. Not that I was sure of more than a moderate admiration for her; that was less than nothing to him. It was a grand alliance for an ambitious man. I was ambitious. That was his argument. That was the crowning effort of his temptation."

"Be just," I cried. I was strong enough to do as I ought."

The count paused again.

"This ends what he wrote then," he said; "let us see what he wrote next time."

"The count has sent for me to visit at his house in the country, and I have consented to go. I am strangely depressed to-night. Carl Varraz has been a bad man for years. But I cannot believe he will stoop to murder, or to the hiring of assassins. But there seems to be an impression of coming disaster lying close to my heart. I almost dread to go. I wonder whether I shall ever enter this room again? I hear the horses at the door. I must go."

"Ha! ha!" laughed the count; "ha! ha! ha! He did go. And he never came back. If the Lady Ilga visited in the town while I entertained William Viesterbrock at my house, I do not know it. If she ran down the street after the men who did my bidding, giving the alarm that some one gave, neither she nor her lover have seen fit to tell me so. I am shrewd enough, though, to think she did. If she heard the careless men talk of what they were about to do, I cannot help it. She may think what she will. She can prove nothing. Well, I must be getting home. The night is as dark as ever, and the wind and rain are constant, but it cannot be long to the dawn. William Viesterbrock stood in my way; he had power; he dared to boast of it; he died. The men who killed him dare not tell; that is safe. Hilda was too dangerous a person to enjoy long life; she died; strangely enough, her death was very like that of some person whose fictitious fate had interested my very dear friend Sylvester. I presume he ponders that fact sometimes; all right; let him ponder."

The count rose. He noticed other sheets of writing. "Strange!" he muttered, seating himself and beginning to read again:

"There are laws of hospitality that savages will not break; Count Varraz will. His smile is a lie. His words are false. He is a deliberate demon, a volunteer demon I call him. There is a forest glade—not very far from his home. We walked there, Frederick, the count, and I. Hired murderers had the price of my blood, at least; possibly they had more than that."

"They killed me. I made a brave fight. But they took my life. That was yesterday, and—"

The count sprang to his feet, his eyes almost starting from their sockets. He glared at the words he had just uttered. He gasped for breath. There were pages, many pages, still unread. He cast the whole mass of papers from him with a sort of convulsive effort, and fell back into his chair. He bowed his head upon his arms on the table.

I have told you now, kind reader, one of the series of events I cannot explain—one, I say, for there is still another. The count's explanation of the light he saw was, as you know, incorrect. Did I hold a similar theory of the light which I saw, I am certain I should be in error. I never held such a theory. I hold no theory. You have the facts; I can do no more for you than that.

Another thing. I never examined in detail the papers from which the count read. I do not know that he read correctly what he found there. I know he was a liar, but I do not believe he sat in that lonely room, never guessing that he was watched, and lied to himself regarding what he found in William Viesterbrock's manuscript; I believe that all he read was actually there; I know there were many pages which he did not read at all.

I do not know that the handwriting in which the last of what he read was written was the same as that in which the first was expressed. I have no proof that it was not. Remembering how the count acted, I feel certain of what he thought. I would give much to read the rest of the "Words of William Viesterbrock." But I never shall. No one ever will. Who wrote the last? I do not know. What was the rest? I cannot tell. What do I think? No matter?

The count staggered to his feet.

"If—if that is what it seems," he cried, in a voice of despair, "I—I—"

He said no more.

He reeled across the room to the window. He stood there looking at the almost impenetrable darkness of the night. I am not sure that I ought not to be ashamed to say I pitied him. I will not say it. But I am not certain that it would not be true.

He was at my mercy. His pistol—one at

least, if he had more than one—was on the table. For one long minute I was almost ready to arrest him where he stood. But I thought of the darkness and the storm; I thought of the weary miles of mud between us and the castle. I had no intention of letting this man escape. I did not wish to kill him. I did not mean that he should kill me.

There were one or two things, however, on which I was fully determined. In the first place, I must have those papers. In the second place, I must get back to the castle before the count, and, unless I could return without his knowing I had listened to him, he mustn't go home at all. The problem was a difficult one. But I solved it, theoretically.

It only remained to carry out my plan in a practical manner, if I could. And if I failed? If I failed I should be compelled to shoot the count, that was all.

Slowly I opened the closet-door. I hung my lantern on my left arm. I grasped my pistol in my left hand. Noiselessly I raised up to my full height. Silently as a spectre I stepped a half-dozen paces into the room. I fixed my eye on the count's lantern. I raised the shoe. If Count Varraz ever stood in need of prayer, he did then. His only hope of getting out of that room alive lay in the chance of my hitting the lantern with the cast-off shoe of the murdered Viesterbrock.

I threw the missile. There was a crash of broken glass. The count uttered a cry of the utmost terror. The room was one utter blank of the most intense darkness.

I dashed to the table. I gathered up the papers. I crowded them into one of my pockets.

I heard another cry from the count, a cry of rage this time. He was coming towards me. I made a dash for the door. I missed it. I fell against the wall. I was lost in this dark waste—with Count Varraz.

I heard him groping about the table. I could guess why. His pistol was there. Happily I had retained mine in spite of my fall.

I had not been in a hurry to get up to this room. I was in a hurry to get out. I searched madly for the door of the trap into which I had shut myself. I ran, as silently as possible, back and forth along the wall. The count had left the table. He was coming.

I found the door-knob at last. I desperately swung the door open. I sprang from the room. I slammed the door shut and forced the bolt into its place just as the count hurled himself against the barrier I had put between us—and put between us none too soon.

The perspiration was running from me in streams. My legs were so weak I could scarcely stand. I staggered up against the wall of the passage, so tired and worn that I believed I could go no further until I had rested for some minutes.

Crack! Bang! Whiz! A pistol-ball came through the door, and lodged in the wall not a foot from my head. I immediately discovered that I had underrated my physical powers; I waited until I was safe in my room at Castle Varraz before I stopped to rest. That was five mean miles, or more, of the darkest and dampest exercise a pleasure-loving American ever took. But I flatter myself I made fairly good time.

(To be continued.)

## AROUND BRUSSELS.

WE left Paris in the fresh early morning—a sleepy and half-waked-up Paris, with closed blinds and empty streets, upon which we were not sorry to look our last. The train rolled away, past Montmartre, with its black crosses and white paper garlands, like a great mosaic of ebony and oxidized silver; out of sight at last of the spires and huddled roofs and the great dome of the Invalides; and then the fresh green, picturesque French country unfolded before us, as we sped away towards Belgium. A fair, undulating country, with wooded hillsides and hedgerows that might almost have been English; but most un-English were the tiny patches of grain planted side by side, with no dividing fences, but fitted like the blocks in a "crazy quilt"—patches of flowering potatoes; of wheat—some, dark tawny yellow; some, paler gold; some, yellowing green—with squares of gray-and-purple cabbages, and the paler, brighter yellows of mustard-patches all in flower; and poppies and blue cornflowers crowding through it all. More foreign still were the harvest-fields where the grain was stacked in queer bundles all slanting one way, like rows of nodding old women, and the harvesters in blue blouses and great white sabots, men and women alike; the slowly whirling windmills far and near; the long, long lines of pollard-willows, low and bushy, and poplars tall and slim like switches; the wayside shrines set here and there, with their gayly painted figures in deep, arched niches; and the tall crucifixes rising from the graves of lonely little cemeteries among the fields.

"Douane Belgique" stares at us in great letters from a little station where we stop, and we know that we are on the frontier. Our carriage is invaded by a flat-capped and many-buttoned official, who demands our bags and keys, like any highwayman of the good old time; but with the difference that his demand is apparently an empty form, satisfied with the brief statement "Americains," upon which he claps the door shut and vanishes again, leaving our satchels inviolate. Now immediately there spring up Belgian signs; French is everywhere translated into German and that unknown mongrel tongue which we vaguely call Dutch. The people, too, seem to change: the sabots are bigger and clumsier, and become the rule instead of the exception; the men and women in the fields look—or we fancy it—heavier and more stolid, and there are more stout flax-headed children clattering in wooden shoes like boats. The land has suddenly flattened out into a



low, green plain; long stretches of swampy fields and lines of short, bushy-headed willows make up the scenery, dotted here and there with square, whitewashed farmhouses, with slated or red-tiled roofs and espaliers nailed in flat, geometric symmetry against the sunny walls. There are factory villages, grimy and dirty, with smoking foundries, swiftly passed and left behind; and then the low, wet meadows again, and swamp-willows and long, thin poplars that all slant one way, as if the wind had never blown in any quarter but the one since they were planted. It is not a pretty landscape, but it is so quaint and new—and, oh, what charm on earth is like that charm which belongs to the "first time"!

So we enter Brussels. There we encounter the "Douane" in earnest, and in a great bare barn of a room, in company with a swarming, pushing, anxious, impatient crowd of tourists, are confronted with the majesty of the customs and our own accumulated luggage. The officials are all calm, impassive, and perfectly polite, though not a few of the travelers are raging at delay, upheaval of their belongings, and the general atmosphere of imperturbable determination. An English party whose trunks "march," so to speak, with ours, are undergoing, with anything but composure, a rigid search among clean linen, toilet articles, etc.; and F. and I groan already as we remember our agonies last night while squeezing in, and artfully tucking and fitting and insinuating into impossible places, all sorts of incongruous and unpackable purchases. How are we ever to get them in again? We all four brandish our keys in the face of the Belgian lion, point to our trunks, and cry, "Americans!" Whether there be a magic in the name, or the presentation of the keys testifies our spotless innocence of anything like smuggling, I know not; but the official majesty relents. Our trunks are marked with a hieroglyph in chalk, and then turned over to a porter, the keys are returned to our bags, and we depart blithely for a cab and the Hotel Poste.

What a clean, bright, homely, quaint little city it is! White and creamy stone in the old, solid-looking houses, with plenty of heavy carving on windows and balconies; clean, steep streets, busy and bright, with glimpses of older and darker streets branching away from sunny thoroughfares, and here and there of some corner or gable or jutting window of ancient blackened stone, hiding behind a fresh modern row of shops. The hotel, all brilliantly white and clean without and within, is in an invitingly narrow and quaint little street, within sight of the square towers of St. Gudule; our rooms are deliciously foreign, with their heavy curtains and tall, white porcelain stoves, the cheerily ticking clocks (which F. ruthlessly stops before her very gloves are off), and the little twin beds in each, narrow as ship's berths, but piled high and soft with big pillows and down quilts. In five minutes we are quite at home in Brussels.

It is a bewildering city to walk in—through that older part, at least, where we are lodged—for the streets have all such a trick of curving and twisting, leading you by serpentine windings back to the original starting-point, and involving you in a labyrinth of queer little lanes and bewildering corners. I lost myself twenty times between the Hotel Poste and the Cathedral; but it did not matter much, for every street was enchanting, and nearly every shop-window a fascinating galaxy of old silverware and curios, each one more tempting than the last. And St. Gudule comes in sight at last, throned on a rise of ground, with a long flight of wide stone steps leading up to the great Gothic door with its receding lines of clustered carving. The gray stones are blackened with age, but paler and creamier patches show here and there like crusted lichen; two strong, square towers cut darkly against the sky, high above all the other towers and spires of the city, as the old cathedral, like a queen-mother, sits in the midst of her children and above them, and all Brussels clusters about her feet. I push open a little shabby side door half hidden behind a buttress, and follow a white-capped peasant woman into the cool dark silence inside—silence and stillness, although there are figures coming and going through the long nave—and away, far out of sight, the organ is playing softly, and the choristers singing with a strange, distant sweetness, that seems to drop out of heaven and make the stillness more still. There is a rich, warm light in the nave, but the side chapels are all dark; only at one, where Mass is being celebrated, the altar-candles glimmer like golden stars; the light scarcely shines through the stained windows, so rich and deep are all their sombre tones of russets and warm olives and amber and golden green, and one can scarcely see, in the twilight round the altars, the carved and painted saints and Virgins, and the votive offerings that hang so thickly about every pillar and niche.

Men and women kneel quietly around the little chapels, praying—as we Protestants never seem to do—so simply and openly, without that reserve and shyness born of self-consciousness. In one dark corner, before a great wooden crucifix, a very old man is kneeling quite alone, leaning against the altar-rails; and somehow his figure stands out in my memory, when all the rest are forgotten; such a weak, clinging, pathetic old figure, ragged and poor, with the faint candle-light glinting on his white hair, as he crouches on his knees, and the Christ looks down with outstretched arms above him.

My wanderings take me round the great open square of the Hôtel-de-Ville, flanked on three sides by tall old houses with crow-stepped gables of gray and white stone and plaster, and the long gray facade of the Hôtel, rich with carvings close and fine as lacework, and rows of quaint, niched statues; the tall, open, airy spire springing from the centre, and looking—as I first saw it in the soft twilight—like frozen moonlight, or silver filigree, or pale hoar-frost, just so light and unsubstantial. B. had joined me in my ramble, and we loitered round the old Place until the moon came up—a warm, yellow crescent behind the dark, jagged gables—and from the airy spire of the Hôtel, and the towers of St. Gudule, and many another old church, far and near, there came a sweet, wild confusion of chimes, ringing a thousand changes, till all the air was full of the floating voices of those wonderful old bells.

I made my way back to the Place next morning, and found it bright with sunshine and astir with life. A flower-market was held under the shadow of the Hôtel-de-Ville, and there were crowds of peasant women and girls, in quaint white caps and little gay-patterned shawls, and thickets of flowers—roses and tall, pale Easter lilies, and stocks and pinks and sweet-peas, and great heavy-headed hydrangeas and blue cornflowers; cut

flowers made up into huge, stiff nosebags, and flowers in pots, set like ranks of soldiers. Many of the women had great, round-topped wicker chairs, in which they sat as in a shady bower, and the old ones dozed with folded hands amidst their fragrant wares, still keeping one eye open for a possible customer. I wondered where they had come from that morning, and what their homes were like, and what sort of a life was going on behind those blue linsey gowns and little, smoothly pinned, flowered shawls; but neither French nor German came "trippingly on my tongue," and the Belgic dialect not at all—and so I went my way and asked no questions.

We took one day from "prowling" through the Brussels streets to spend on Waterloo. A great point is made of going to Waterloo by the English coach, with the English coachman, and of having the box-seat beside that stately person, and therefore B. and I took pains to secure it for ourselves. The morning was gray and threatening, and only we two braved its possibilities; F. wished that we might not be soaked before evening, and M. cast a Mackintosh upon me from an upper window as a preventive. Off we drove with great blowing of horns and cracking of whips, and in that imposing manner rattled through all the main streets of Brussels, an object of interest and admiration to all beholders, when lo! our English Jehu suddenly spins round a corner, and pulls up before a stableyard in a shamefaced little alley. "What do we stop here for?" asks B. "Get down and change coaches," replies the guard; and then, to our wrath and indignation, we hear that, as there are only six people for the trip, and the coach is top-heavy, we are to be packed ignominiously into an open wagon—no box-seat, no horn, no guard—nothing but a miserable three-seated topless conveyance, such as we might be jolted in up the White Mountains, or through the sand of New Jersey!

We changed, however—B.'s fiery remonstrances and threats notwithstanding—and ten minutes after, as we rattled out on the long road leading through the Bois, the rain came down. Up went the umbrellas, and out came the Mackintosh, and the s'owders descended faster and faster, beating before every point of the compass with a chilly persistency. B. is inclined to be savage, but I soothe him with oft-repeated words of cheer: "Think what a satisfaction, when you are home again, to remember that you saw Waterloo! and what difference will it make to you then whether you were rained on or not?" So we brace ourselves up to be cheerful, and on we rattle—through the woods, out into the open country, but never getting off the stones—the square, solid Belgian pavement, kept so trim and clean by the women who go on all-fours, scraping out every stray grass-blade between the blocks. It is a long, long, straight road, through open fields, through woods, through straggling little villages of just one street, every rod of which has a series of pictures. Pictures of low, white-plastered houses, with dark-red roofs of fluted tiles, painted in white blocks along the edges, like a trimming; with deep niches built in the walls for wells, the whitewashed stones all stained green and mossy, or only a shelf set in the arch, where red earthen pots or a row of wooden *sabots* are lying; of little houses with "Estaminet" painted on swinging signs, and a horse-trough and rows of slant poplars beside them; old houses with little triangular entries, brick-floored and sanded, from which the main door opens at right angles, and into one of which we see a big shaggy-fellowed cart-horse pushing his head; pictures of children, bareheaded and barelegged, in ragged blue and purple gowns and breeches; of old women knitting in open doorways, watching the rain; of girls on their knees in the wet, road-cleaning, or carrying loads of brown fagots on their shoulders, or driving lank, shaggy dogs in little carts piled with green garden-stuff—and for a background to them all, the dark line of the old Forest of Soigny on the right, and the black banks of cloud, against which the whitewashed cottages, and white and dark-red checkered roofs stand out like bright effects of sunlight. But the rain pours all the while—though nobody seems to mind it; the children frisk and chase us along the road, turning somersaults for sours, with such rapidity and unanimity that the whole landscape appears to whirl with them. One very small boy in particular, with an especial greed for gain, keeps up with the wagon until purple and breathless, and then, gathering together his strength for a last supreme effort, he rushes ahead, gains an eminence in the road before us, and toppling over upon his head, remains in that attitude, with his legs expanded like a V, until we come up with him, and a shower of applause and centimes rewards his efforts.

We stop at one of the little *estaminets* to water the horses and rest; it is the last house of a scattered little village, and the outskirts of the forest come up to what would be its dooryard if there were any inclosure. Here are a crowd of children again, with brown faces and yellow hair, one of them taking shelter from the rain in a deep water-trough set on end; and here is one fascinating little imp who is called "Angele," who sidles round with a brown finger-tip in her mouth, making coquetish eyes at us, and who—being refused the fifth centime by B., whose supply of small change is running low—steals round to the back of the wagon, climbs up and hangs by one arm, and elicits a sharp outcry from that injured gentleman by smartly pinching his ankles. It is wonderful how serenely we sit in the pelting rain, laughing at the children, staring in at the open door, and seeing the red brick sanded floor inside, and the red fire in the stove, and looking about us at the drenched forest and the long, wet road! But we really begin to find it amusing—we are so wet that we can get no wetter, even after another half-hour's drive has brought us nearer the battle-field, and a dim, dark pyramid comes into sight far away—the Lion Monument! Here is the village of Waterloo, with clean white houses, of a better class now, and a brick church with stone lions over the porch; and here we pick up a guide in a blue blouse and black shiny peaked cap, who speaks English with a strong French accent, but a great flow of words. Under the guardianship of this personage we are taken into the very heart and thickest of the battle. He leads us with the English forces over every rod of the ground, and has every manoeuvre of the French at his fingers' ends. When we reach the ground itself, with its long level acres of yellow corn-field and stubble and the ugly green pyramid in the background, he leaps out excitedly, and runs on, gesticulating and shouting, the rain streaming off the peak of his cap and every shiny fold of his blue blouse. At an old half-ruined brick farmhouse, inclosed in a brick wall, with some scattered trees about it, and a grassy cart-track leading round the wall, he makes us all alight, for this is the first exciting point of the engagement—the chateau and farm of Hougoumont—and we are to picture the English behind that

old loophole-pierced brick wall, and the French stealing upon them out of the dark fringe of wood yonder. There we stand in the rain—three waterproofed women, three overcoated men, ankle-deep in mud and dripping grass, and the guide shouting out his old, well-learned story, while he draws ground-plans of the field in the mud with his big knotted stick. The rain patters on the leaves and grass with a soft, monotonous noise, and the brown cows and the little white-nosed calves, grazing in the long, wet clover, lift up their heads and stare at us stupidly, while we look at the bullet-holes in the wall and the barked and splintered old stumps still standing, and try to fancy how the whistling balls cut through them, and how men died in heaps all about this quiet place, in sight of those old brick gables and the trees that rustle in the rain.

We march about after the enthusiastic Belgian, and "do" every inch of the ground within and without the walls of Hougoumont, as leisurely and calmly as if the sun were shining and the skies were blue. B. once bursts out into objurgations of weather, guides, and all things in general, but I silence him at once. "Imagine yourself Napoleon, or the Duke of Wellington waiting for Blucher to come up," I cry with warmth, "and you won't mind such trifles as wet feet!" Think of history and your surroundings!" which I suppose he does, for he calms down immediately. And we wander round the chapel, where the wounded were dragged for shelter and died, suffocated with smoke when the flying shells fired the walls—by the well where the dead were cast till it was full to the brim—through the orchard where the cows were grazing knee-deep in grass and buttercups, and the graves of two Scotch soldiers, who asked to be buried where they fell, lie under arched stone slabs; we look at all the relics in the farmhouse, and, more than the relics, enjoy the peep at the quaint whitewashed interior, the brick floor, sanded in patterns of flowers, the images of saints on little shelves, and a coal-black Madonna on the mantel—and then we take to the wagon again, and drive out through a grassy lane upon a long road that cuts through golden wheat-fields, and halt once more upon the actual battle-ground of Waterloo. Away to the right is a long row of slim, slanting poplars, and a low, white house with a red roof; it is the farm "La Belle Alliance," where Napoleon slept that night, and from which the next day he watched the battle while, as the guide tells us in his broken English, "it rained—rained to and fro." There he saw the Prussian helmets glinting up from the left, saw the Old Guard waver and break, and knew that all was over and all lost—lost

"—in that world's earthquake, Waterloo." And over the scars of that earthquake, and the graves of the nameless men who went down in it, the grain grows and the golden harvests are gathered in, and it is all an old story, told by a guide—"full of sound and fury."

Well! it is a long ride home again, over that hard Belgian pavement, and in the merciless rain that never "held up"—never for one moment! and B., since he no longer imagines himself Wellington or Napoleon, becomes gloomy again, and talks wildly of neuralgia, pneumonia and rheumatism for both of us. But we have seen Waterloo, which is a great comfort to a person like myself, of bellicose tastes; and all the pictures of the day are vivid and beautiful and thrilling in my memory, though the last record of it in my note-book is a prosaic one: "*Home at 4:30, to sit with my feet in hot water and wait for a cold.*"

G. A. DAVIS.

## A REMARKABLE TIMBER-RAFT.

A TIMBER-RAFT of extraordinary dimensions and peculiar construction, which has been building since last Winter at Two Rivers, near Joggins Mines, Nova Scotia, is about to be launched and towed to New York. Launching a raft is, we believe, a novelty in lumbering. The one in question, however, being practically a ship in size, shape and tonnage, is treated in much the same manner as a giant hull. The dimensions are: Length, 420 feet; width, 55 feet; depth, 35 feet; draught, 21 feet; tonnage, 8,000 tons. This raft, which is undoubtedly the largest ever built, contains about 3,000,000 feet of piles, logs, spars, hard wood and other timber, and its value in New York will probably reach \$30,000. It will be launched in the high tide of the Bay of Fundy, cradle and all. Once afloat, the cradle will be removed, leaving the raft, with its elaborate system of chains and binders, to support itself. Our pictures show the colossal, torpedo-shaped mass of logs ashore on its ways, and also as it will appear when tossing on the ocean, in tow of a pair of tugs. Its weight of 8,000 tons is so distributed over the four sets of launch-ways as to exert a pressure of 80 pounds to the square inch, or about two-thirds of the pressure allowable on ordinary launch-ways. The general shape of the structure is, as we have said, that of a torpedo-boat, or of the raft in which, a few years ago, the Egyptian Obelisk of the Thames Embankment was towed from Alexandria to London. A cross-section amidships would be elliptical in outline.

The raft is held together by a system of chains, skillfully devised with reference to the distribution of the immense strain of the huge bunch of logs. A two-inch chain, with links 11 x 7 inches, runs through the centre, from stem to stern. From this, cross chains, of 1½-inch chain, extend laterally every 7 feet, not opposite each other, but at alternate points. Near the bow and the stern are three 1½-inch bridle chains, extending from the central chain in herring-bone form at distances of 20 feet apart. The projecting ends of all these lateral chains are made fast to the 58 heavy ones which encircle and bind together the whole fabric. The breaking strain of the main chain is 80 tons, and of the encircling chains 24 tons, Admiralty test. The chains weigh about 54 tons, and were imported for the raft, costing \$2,000. Hard-wood saplings laid across the timber at each tier also act as binders. The encircling chains will be hauled taut by a dragging-jack capable of taking a strain of 15 to 20 tons, designed and made expressly for this purpose. Chocks along the centre of the raft enable the centre chain, which is also the tow-chain, to have a spread of 12 inches. An important feature of the whole system of chain-work is that the pull on the centre chain in towing causes the strain to be equally distributed among all the other chains, thus tending to tighten them still more.

A CYCLING trip through Russia, from Archangel to the Crimea, has been undertaken by an American "wheelman." He travels on a peculiarly constructed tricycle, which can pass over the most difficult places, and can be made into a bed at night. The trip is to be accomplished in 100 days at a cost of \$200.

## AT HOME AND ABROAD.

THIS year's California wine product is estimated at 25,000,000 gallons.

A DIRECT cable between this country and Brazil is to be laid during the coming Fall.

THE Peruvian Government has been petitioned to expel the Jesuits from the country.

DURING the year ending June 30th, 349,000 immigrants arrived at ports of the United States.

THE cholera in Italy is continually decreasing in the worst districts, and is stationary in the others.

THE National Saengerfest, which opened at Milwaukee on the 21st instant, was an immense success.

THREE of the convicted Milwaukee Anarchists were last week sentenced to imprisonment at hard labor for nine months each.

THE Paris municipal authorities have decided to erect a monument on the site of the Tuilleries to commemorate the revolution.

THE Republican campaign in Maine will be opened at Portland, on August 10th, by Mr. Blaine in a speech which he is now preparing.

THE Prohibitionists of Vermont have nominated a full State ticket, headed by H. M. Zeley, now President of Middlebury College, for Governor.

THE number of railway postal clerks in the service of the Government on the 1st instant was 4,563, an increase of 176 over the previous year.

MESSRS. GORMULLY & JEFFERY will complete in Chicago, within two months, the largest bicycle manufactory in the world, in which 400 skilled mechanics will produce seventy-five machines daily.

THE Indiana Soldiers' Orphan Home, at Knightstown, was destroyed by fire last week, the main building being totally burned, involving a loss of \$90,000. The Home had 167 inmates at the time of the fire.

SIXTY Russian Jews who arrived in New York, last week, penniless, were ordered back to Europe by the customs officers, and the steamship which brought them over will be obliged to carry them to England without compensation.

THE steamer *Gale City*, from Savannah to Boston, with fifty-two passengers and a cargo of watermelons, struck on the rocks of Nausahon Island, in Vineyard Sound, in a dense fog, on the 18th inst. The passengers were saved, with their baggage.

THE Vermont Democrats, in convention last week, nominated S. C. Schurtliff for Governor, and adopted resolutions strongly commending President Cleveland and his policy. In Arkansas the Republicans have nominated Lafayette Gregg for Governor.

AN international polo match is to be played at Newport, R. I., between five members of the Hurlingham Club of London, all officers of the British Army, and the Westchester Club. There will be at least a three-days' contest, and the conditions thus far agreed upon are best three out of the five matches, and in each match best three of five games.

THERE is great want and suffering in parts of Newfoundland and Labrador. For three hundred miles along the coast there is a solid barrier of ice, and fishing is impossible. On account of the lateness of the season no crops have been planted, and for several weeks people have been living on their domestic animals. All the dogs and horses have been eaten.

THE total value of the imports of merchandise during the twelve months ended June 30th was \$635,253,606, and during the preceding twelve months, \$577,527,329, showing an increase of \$57,726,277. The total value of the exports of merchandise during the same period was \$679,425,972; during the preceding twelve months, \$742,189,755—a decrease of \$62,763,783.

A HEAT wave, accompanied by violent thunderstorms, swept over England one day last week. Severe storms with loss of life are also reported in France. Lightning destroyed the Danette spinery at Armentieres, causing damage to the extent of 12,500,000 francs. In Paris the heat was excessive. Extraordinary sanitary precautions have been adopted there to avert epidemics.

THE Massachusetts Knights of Labor, in convention last week, instructed its delegates to the Richmond Convention in October to support only such men and measures as would continue the present organization of the Knights of Labor, and to endorse Mr. Powderly as General Master Workman. The trades-union faction secured the passage of a resolution offering sympathy and fraternal greeting to all organizations of workmen aiming to secure labor reform.

A LITTLE peasant girl in Italy knitted a pair of stockings and sent them as a present to Queen Margherita on her *fete* day. With characteristic kindness the Queen sent the girl in return another pair of stockings, one containing gold coin, the other bon-bons, and a note asking her to say which of the stockings gave her the more pleasure. "Dear Madam the Queen," wrote the child in reply, "I have had nothing but trouble with the stockings. My father took the one with the gold pieces, and my brother the one with the sweets!"

It is announced that one Philadelphia and two Baltimore companies have commenced the development of extensive manganese property in Shenandoah County, Va. An analysis of the manganese in these mines shows 94 per cent. binoxide and 57 per cent. metallic. It has been pronounced excellent for steel-making by a number of manufacturers. Preparations are being made for getting out the manganese in large quantities. Surveys are being made to connect these mines by rail with the coal-fields of West Virginia. Immense iron deposits have been discovered in the neighborhood, and English capitalists are investigating with a view to the erection of steel works.

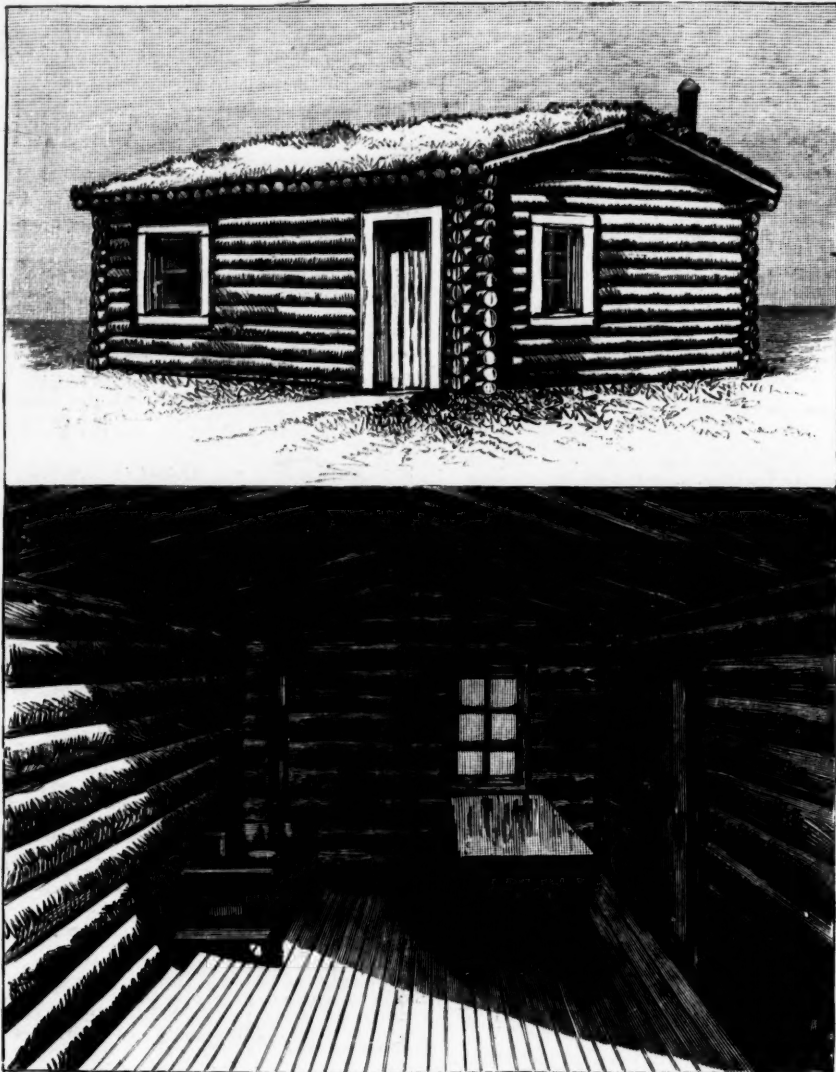
STATISTICS presented at a recent meeting of the National Board of Fire Underwriters show that over \$53,000,000 was paid out for fire losses last year by 308 companies embraced in the Board tables; and this sum, large as it may seem, is regarded by competent judges as forming but a trifle over one-half the annual waste to the common wealth of our country. During the twenty-five years covered by these tables, over \$738,000,000 have been paid for fire losses. With two or three exceptional years the volume of waste has steadily increased and kept pace with the increase in wealth and development of the country. The total yearly loss by fire in the United States, it is estimated, reaches fully \$100,000,000.



HON. THOMAS COGSWELL,  
DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATE FOR GOVERNOR OF  
NEW HAMPSHIRE.

THOMAS COGSWELL, the Democratic nominee for Governor of New Hampshire, was born in Gilmanton, the old family homestead, about a mile and a half distant from the Iron Works, in that State, on February 8th, 1841. He received his early education in the common school of the town, and was prepared for college at the well-known old Gilmanton Academy. He entered Dartmouth, and graduated in the Class of 1862. Shortly after leaving college he enlisted in the Union Army, joining Company A, Fifteenth Regiment, New Hampshire Infantry. He was appointed lieutenant, and served in this position

Democratic Speaker of the House in 1872, and elected a State Senator in 1878. Captain Cogswell was Chairman of the Board of Selectmen in 1880-81-82. In 1884 he was elected Solicitor of Belknap County. At the present time he is President of the Gilmanton Academy; a prominent member of the Grand Army of the Republic Post at Laconia; also of Crystal Lake Grange No. 101, Patrons of Husbandry of Gilmanton; and an honored member of Winnipiseogee Lodge, Free and Accepted Masons. He is now engaged in agricultural pursuits, and in the management of his large landed estate. Captain Cogswell is a gentleman of commanding personal appearance, and enjoys the confidence and respect of all who know him.



MISSIONARY SUNDAY-SCHOOL WORK IN DAKOTA.—EXTERIOR AND INTERIOR VIEWS OF A SCHOOL-BUILDING.

until April, 1863, when he was promoted to be captain of his company. At the close of the war he entered upon the study of the law, and was admitted to the Bar in 1866.

He was elected a Representative to the General Court in 1871-2, overcoming a Republican majority of 60 in his town, Gilmanton, and was the

#### HUERA, INSTIGATOR OF THE APACHE OUTBREAK.

HUERA, who is said to have instigated the Apache outbreak, is a Chiricahua squaw, the wife of Mangus. The latter broke from the reservation at the same time with Geronimo, but quarreled with him and left him. At the time of the conference with General Crook, at San Bernardino, all the chiefs were present excepting Mangus. They said he had not been seen since late last Summer. It is rumored that he is either at the Mescalero Agency in New Mexico, or that he has joined the Yaqui Indians in old Mexico. Huera was taken prisoner in August by Major Wirt Davis in his fight with Geronimo. She, with the other squaws, was taken to Fort Bowie, Arizona, in September, where she was held as prisoner until they were transferred to Fort Marion, Florida, last April. She spoke Spanish, and was sometimes used by General Crook as interpreter. She was very fond of the general, and even told him she loved him. The causes which led her to instigate the revolt have never been explained.

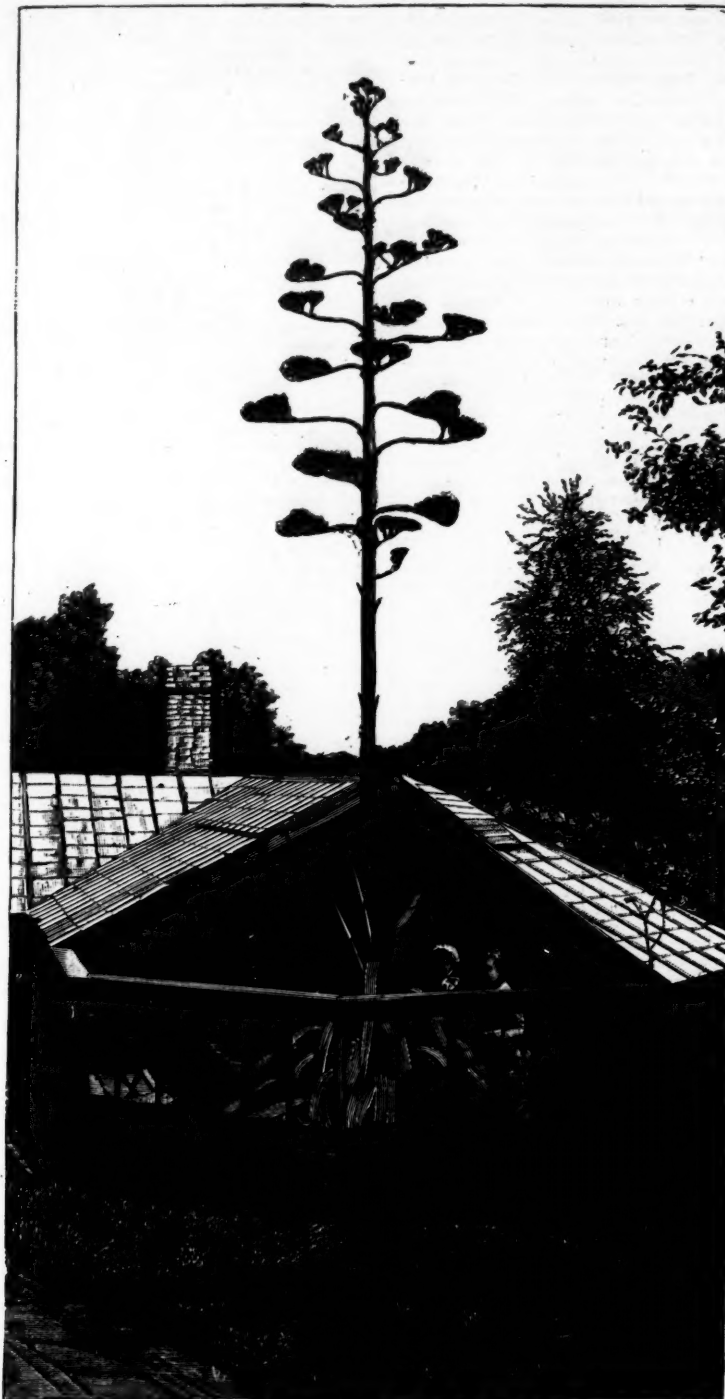
Huera was the oldest one among the prisoners. She appreciated this fact, and seemed to exercise a sort of motherly care over the others. The climate of the remote Southern

State to which these prisoners have gone is in itself a severe punishment to them; it is so entirely different from the rugged, mountainous region to which they have been accustomed. It is said that they sit about at Fort Marion and while the time away singing, in their peculiar monotone, sad and familiar songs. But better this than that they should be permitted to ravage, unchecked, the exposed settlements of the Far Western Territories.

#### SUNDAY-SCHOOL BUILDING IN DAKOTA.

THE general public has but a faint conception of the great work which is being done by the American Sunday-school Union in establishing schools and providing means of religious education in the Western States and Territories, and other destitute portions of the Union. During the last year alone, it has organized 1,618 new schools, into which 60,121 scholars and 7,086 teachers have been gathered; has erected 3,291 other schools, embracing 181,598 persons, while the total number of persons reached by the labors of the missionaries in the year was 417,900. Of the new schools organized, 458 were in the Northwest, 361 in the Southwest, 487 in the South, and 174 in the Rocky Mountain district. In a great majority of cases the missionaries

of the Sunday-school Union prosecute their work under the greatest discouragements. The communities among which they labor are sparse and widely scattered; there are no churches or other suitable buildings in which children or adults can meet for study or worship; teachers are few, and there is sometimes no literature of



NEW YORK.—CENTURY PLANT, WITH 4,000 BUDS AND FLOWERS, IN THE GREENHOUSE OF MR. GEORGE CASEY, AT AUBURN.  
SEE PAGE 382.



NEW HAMPSHIRE.—HON. THOMAS COGSWELL, DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATE FOR GOVERNOR.



HUERA, WIFE OF THE INDIAN CHIEF MANGUS, AND REPORTED INSTIGATOR OF THE APACHE OUTBREAK.—FROM A PHOTO.





A SUMMER HOLIDAY ABROAD, No. 7.—BRUSSELS AND ITS SURROUNDINGS.

DRAWN BY MISS G. A. DAVIS, EXPRESSLY FOR "FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER."—SEE PAGE 378.



any sort—neither books nor papers, nor any of the lesser helps so profusely furnished in older and more populous towns. In Dakota the school-houses are not infrequently built of sod, while in other instances the schools are held in houses constructed of logs, seats being provided by laying ordinary planking on bits of wood or other rude supports. These structures, one of which we illustrate, are of course destitute of even the most ordinary conveniences; but the people, in their great desire for the Sunday-school and preaching services, cheerfully avail themselves of even this primitive shelter. The eagerness with which the missionaries are welcomed by the people is universal, and the results have been uniformly salutary. Sometimes a church is the outgrowth of the feeblest beginning. In one case a small country school, organized nearly three years ago in a carriage-shed, then carried from house to house during the winter, later extended its influence and became two schools. A church was formed from one; the other held its sessions in a sod school-house until a violent storm destroyed the structure, and then, finding other shelter, became the nucleus of a still more successful work. Every citizen has an interest in the operations of a Society which is thus carrying civilization and religious culture into our vast Western and Southern domains, rapidly filling up with settlers, and helping to lay broad and strong the foundations of law, order and good government.

#### A BLOOMING CENTURY PLANT AT AUBURN, N. Y.

WE give an illustration of a great floral curiosity at Auburn, N. Y., a century plant in flower, which in this cold climate is a rare occurrence. The plant is in the greenhouse of Mr. George Casey, who purchased it in 1837, at which time it was about twelve years old, so that it is now about sixty years of age, is twenty-eight feet high, and has thirty-two flowering branches, upon which over four thousand buds and flowers, which are of a yellowish white, are developing. It will continue in flower probably for a period of two months. The leaves of the plant are from six to eight feet in length, and owing to the sap being required to sustain the great stalk, its branches already droop and show signs of decay. It is commonly supposed that the century plant flowers only once in one hundred years, but this, like some other beliefs, is a fallacy, the period at which it arrives at maturity varying according to location. In Mexico it grows rapidly and flowers in from twenty to twenty-five years, while in England and the north of Europe, when protected by glass, it requires from eighty to one hundred years. Having acquired its full growth, it finally produces its gigantic flower-stalk, and after its season of flowering, perishes. This plant began to develop its stalk early in April, and will probably be in full maturity in August. Independently of its being rarely seen in bloom, it is applicable to many useful purposes in Mexico: its sap, of which it produces a quart daily, is the national beverage known as Pulque; from it is distilled an ardent spirit called Vino Mescal; the fibres of its leaves, when dried, form a coarse thread known as Pita flax, and are used when green as food for cattle.

#### NEWS OF THE WEEK.

##### DOMESTIC.

It is over a year since the death of General Grant, and the fund to erect a monument to his memory has reached only \$122,475.

"STEVE" BRODIE, an ex-pedestrian and newsboy, dropped from the Brooklyn Bridge into the East River, last Friday, and escaped unhurt.

FIFTY-TWO out of fifty-seven members of the New York Bar, who have been asked for legal opinions on the subject, say that the State Constitution does not disfranchise women.

Two or three days were spent by the Senate, last week, in discussing the Payne case, and the propriety of an investigation into the charges of bribery preferred by the Ohio Republicans. Senator Logan made a "very speech in 'vindication' of his course in opposing an investigation, while Messrs. Sherman, Frye, and others, spoke on the other side. The Senate decided that an investigation was not necessary.

##### FOREIGN.

THE Paris *Figaro* says that China has intrusted French engineers with the construction, at an early date, of railways in the empire.

THE great Eclipse Stakes race at Sandown, last Friday, was won by Bendigo, owned by Mr. Barclay, of Barclay & Perkins, the London brewers.

THE revolution in Tamaulipas, Mexico, has been suppressed, and the participants compelled to seek refuge on the American side of the Rio Grande.

SEVERAL leading French Anarchists, including Louise Michel, have been committed for trial for inciting pillage and riot during the strikes at Deceville.

THE Dublin *Freeman's Journal* proposes that the people of Ireland collect a fund by shilling subscriptions to erect a statue on College Green, in the City of Dublin, to Mr. Gladstone.

#### SECRETARY LAMAR'S JOINT DEBATE.

A WASHINGTON correspondent of the Philadelphia *Record* reports Secretary Lamar as telling this story of himself: "The Secretary was running against Alcorn for the Democratic nomination for Congress in his district, and they met in joint debate at the little village of Hazlehurst. It was a beautiful day, and all the farmers of the surrounding country had come in, bringing their wives and daughters to hear the 'speakin'." Alcorn was very fashionable in his dress, and he looked when he rose to speak as though he had 'just stepped out of a bandbox.' He made just as good a speech, however, as though he had not been exquisitely dressed, and Lamar as he listened saw that the crowd was greatly impressed. He felt that he must upset Alcorn in some way, even if he could not upset his arguments; so when Alcorn sat down and he got up, after briefly discussing the pending issues, he said: 'Ladies and gentlemen, do you want to send such a finicky, fastidious bean as Mr. Alcorn to Congress? Wouldn't he forget you and all his fair promises as soon as he got to Washington? When he gets there (if he ever does), he'll be so busy posing for

the fashionable ladies in the gallery that he won't have time to attend to your business, or you either, if you should happen to go to Washington. Now, I'm a plain man—one of the people. I don't dress in the latest agony, with my beard trimmed and my hair curled and my boots polished. Why, fellow-citizens, I haven't cleaned my boots for six months!' Lamar is careless now of his personal appearance, and then he rather affected the scholarly young man's indifference to dress, so that his hearers had only to look at him and then at Alcorn to see his argument. It evidently stirred the crowd to its depths. 'So,' he continued, 'if you send me to Congress, fellow-citizens, it will be just like sending one of yourselves, for I shall always have plenty of time for you and your business. I shall always be glad to see you, and you will always find me what I am now.' Lamar thought he had demolished Alcorn. But the latter rose as Lamar sat down, and asked leave to make but one word of reply. 'It is true, fellow-citizens,' he said, with a smile, 'that I took some pains to dress neatly before coming before you to-day. But I did it out of respect to you. I knew that ladies were to be present, and that they always liked to see a man becomingly attired, and I would not affront them by an indifferent and slovenly dress for all the seats in Congress. It is true that Lamar's hair has not been cut or combed for a month; that his beard has not been trimmed or his boots polished for six months, and that he looks as disreputable as possible generally, but this is not out of respect to you. On the contrary, it is an insult. If he were going to speak in Vicksburg or Natchez, or any of the cities in the State, he would brush his hair and shave his face and polish his boots and put on his best clothes and his best smile, and you couldn't tell him from me. But he dresses in this miserable way when he comes to speak to you because he regards you as a lot of country cattle who can be caught by that sort of humbug.' 'Well,' said Lamar, 'I read my sentence in the indignant faces of the women. When the convention met, all the Hazlehurst delegates were solid for Alcorn. They would not have dared to go home if they had voted for me.'

#### THE COST OF THE WHITE HOUSE.

THE Galveston *News* says: "It is wondered by some people how the President of the United States can pay out of his salary the numerous expenses attached to his office. There are separate appropriations. Besides the President's salary of \$50,000, the estimate presented to Congress this session asked for \$36,064 additional to pay the salaries of his subordinates and clerks. His private secretary is paid \$3,250; his assistant private secretary, \$2,250; his stenographer, \$1,800; five messengers, each \$1,200; a steward, \$1,800; two doorkeepers, who each get \$1,200; four other clerks at good salaries; one telephone-operator; two ushers, getting \$1,200 and \$1,400; a night usher, getting \$1,200; a watchman, who gets \$900; and a man to take care of fires, who receives \$864 a year. In addition to this, there is set down \$8,000 for incidental expenses, such as stationery, carpets, and the care of the President's stables. And further on, under another heading, there is a demand for nearly \$40,000 more. Of this \$12,500 is for repairs and furnishing the White House, \$2,500 for fuel, \$3,000 is for the greenhouse, and \$15,000 is for gas and the stables. The White House, all told, costs the country, in connection with the President, considerably over \$125,000 a year, and at that rate is cheaper relatively to the work done than the service of Congress."

PERSONS contemplating a Summer "outing," and who desire to inform themselves as to the attractions of the mountain region of New England, should by all means consult the little guidebook, "Seashore, Lakes and Mountains," issued by the Boston and Maine Railroad. This dainty and tasteful volume is crowded full of information as to the White Mountains, Mount Desert, the Lakes of Maine, and other points of interest, and furnishes besides a copious list of excursions, time-tables, maps, hotel and boarding-house directory, etc., the whole forming a peculiarly valuable compendium. The illustrations, especially of the coast routes of New England, are all finely executed.

HELLMUTH LADIES' COLLEGE at London, Ont., offers a free year at the Leipzig (Germany) Conservatory to the pupil most proficient in its musical course. The College, whose Fall term begins September 7th, has lately added an elevator and gymnasium, and is enlarging its equipment in every direction.

#### FUN.

As a female persuader, a kiss discounts a roiling-pin.

THE wise young man always laughs at his tailor's jokes.—*Philadelphia Call*.

HISTORY spends most of its time nowadays in being rewritten.—*Detroit Free Press*.

GIVE a tramp ten cents for car-fare and he will take a schooner.—*New Orleans Picayune*.

OTTO, the crazy King of Bavaria, thinks he is an eagle. He is undoubtedly flighty.

SOME men have greatness thrust upon them, especially when a fat person sits next to them in the street-car.—*Burlington Free Press*.

"GOOD-MORNING, Mr. Dobbins; I suppose I may rely on you to support me at the polls?" "For what?" "Why, I'm a candidate for a seat in Congress." "Then I'll support you, sir. What we want is more men in the seats of Congress and fewer on the floor."—*Chicago News*.

AMONG the curious signs displayed in Boston is one which advertises a bargain in the following free and unconventional language: "This pants for to-day only." Another makes the remarkable announcement: "Lawn mowers sharpened in the rear."—*Boston Transcript*.

AMONG the many pictures of Mrs. Cleveland, the wife of the President, those taken by J. E. Hale, Photographer, of Seneca Falls, N. Y., are pronounced by that lady to be "far the best."

A DRUGGIST'S VERDICT: "During 30 years' drug business, never have I sold an article giving such universal satisfaction as PALMER'S 'SKIN-SUCCESS.' People who suffered for years with various skin complaints are constantly returning perfectly cured to thank me for recommending 'SKIN-SUCCESS.'"  
—G. R. HARRIS, J. C. Heights, N. J.  
25c. and 75c. Druggists. PALMER & CO., N. Y.

DON'T hawk, hawk, blow, spit, and disgust everybody with your offensive breath, but use Dr. SAGE'S CATARRH REMEDY and end it.

#### IS IT NOT SINGULAR

THAT consumptives should be the least apprehensive of their own condition, while all their friends are urging and beseeching them to be more careful about exposure and overdoing? It may well be considered one of the most alarming symptoms of the disease where the patient is reckless and will not believe that he is in danger. Reader, if you are in this condition, do not neglect the only means of recovery. Avoid exposure and fatigue, be regular in your habits, and use faithfully of Dr. France's "GOLDEN MEDICAL DISCOVERY." It has saved thousands who were steadily failing.

IN New Orleans, La., on Tuesday at noon, June 15th, 1886, an event full of interest occurred—the 193d Grand Monthly—the Second Quarterly Extraordinary Distribution of The Louisiana State Lottery. \$522,500 was scattered over the earth after this manner: Ticket No. 18,145 drew the First Capital Prize of \$150,000. It was sold in tenths at \$1 each—one to Mrs. J. Clark, and Fern, Clarion Co., Pa.; one to J. W. Williamson, Willow Grove, N. Y., collected through Bank of Ravenswood, Ravenswood, West Va.; the others were sold to parties whose names are withheld by request. No. 23,408 drew the Second Capital Prize of \$50,000, sold in tenths also—two of which, costing each \$1, but drawing \$10,000, were paid through the Bank of Commerce, Memphis, Tenn.; one through the People's Bank of New Orleans, La., for a depositor; another to J. T. Colby, care of A. Friant, Willow, Cal., through Wells, Fargo & Co.'s Express, at San José, Cal.; another to Wm. E. Seymour, No. 195 Thalia St., New Orleans, La. No. 70,453 drew the Third Capital Prize of \$20,000, sold in tenths each at \$1—one was paid to Joshua Burrell, No. 2,215 D St., N. W., Washington City, D. C.; another was paid to Samuel Pearson, Washington City, D. C.; another was held by W. T. Putnam, Boston, Mass., collected through Adams Express Co.; other three tenths were paid to the American Express Co., Columbus, O., etc., etc. Nos. 30,290 and 40,201 drew the Fourth prize of \$10,000 each, sold in tenths each at \$1, two of which were paid to First National Bank of Pontiac, Mich.; other two were paid to Chas. J. Summers, Struther, O.; another to W. G. Simons and J. S. Mappa, No. 523 Clay St., San Francisco, Cal.; another to W. L. Garrett, of San Francisco also; and so the golden shower fell, enriching all around it.—*Nashville (Tenn.) American*.

If you make it a rule to flavor all your cold drinks with ten or fifteen drops of ANGSTURA BITTERS, you will keep free from Summer Diseases and have your digestive organs in good order. But be sure you get the genuine article, manufactured only by Dr. J. G. B. SIEBERT & SONS.

#### ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

#### BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

ARE made pallid and unattractive by functional irregularities which Dr. PIERCE'S "FAVORITE PRESCRIPTION" will infallibly cure. Thousands of testimonials. By druggists.

Bird Manna will restore the song of cage birds and keep them in perfect health. Mailed on receipt of 15c. in stamps. Bird Food Co., 400 N. 3d St., Phila.



ONLY FOR  
Moth Patches, Freckles and Tan.  
USE PERRY'S MOLE AND FRECKLE LOTION. It is reliable.  
FOR PIMPLES on the FACE, Blackheads and Fleshworms, ask your druggist for PERRY'S COMEDONE AND PIMPLE REMEDY, the Infallible Skin Medicine.  
Send for circular.  
BRENT GOOD & Co., 57 Murray St., New York.

#### SICK HEADACHE

**CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.**  
Positively Cured by these Little Pills.  
They also relieve Distress from Indigestion, Inflammation and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, &c. They regulate the Bowels and prevent Constipation and Piles. The smallest and easiest to take. Only one pill a dose. 40 in a vial. Purely Vegetable. Price 25 cents. 5 vials by mail for \$1.00.  
CARTER MEDICINE CO., Prop'rs, New York.  
Sold by all Druggists.



IMPORTANT NEWS FOR LADIES!  
NO MORE WRINKLES.  
NO MORE SMALL-POX MARKS.  
YOUTH AND BEAUTY  
CAN ONLY BE OBTAINED BY USING  
**DR. LENGYEL'S PASTA POMPADOUR.**

It is the only preparation in the world WARRANTED to cure and eradicate all impurities of the skin, such as PIMPLES, SALT RHEUM, MOLES, FRECKLES, WARTS, and SUN BURNS, and give the complexion a freshness and transparency which cannot be obtained even by the dangerous use of arsenic. It removes WRINKLES and prevents their reappearance after such removal, and faded Complexions rapidly resume their prime freshness under its wonderful restorative action. It is unequalled as a beautifier of the HANDS, softening the skin, and making it soft, clear and white. PASTA POMPADOUR is not a paint or powder, used to cover up and shield the impurities and defects of the skin, but a remedy that naturally cleans and perfectly converts the same to everlasting beauty. Sent on receipt of Price, \$1.00 per box. Full directions accompany each box.  
DR. LEO SCHWARTZ & CO., 29 Bond St., New York.  
Testimonials from the highest aristocracy. Many refused unhesitatingly if results not satisfactory.



**Glenn's Sulphur Soap.**  
The most effective external remedy extant for the cure of Skin Diseases and for Beautifying the Complexion. Caution.—There are counterfeits. Ask for GLENN'S (C. N. CRITTENTON on each packet). Of druggists, 25c; 3 cakes, 60c, mailed on receipt of price, and 3c. extra per cake, by C. N. CRITTENTON, Proprietor, 115 FULTON ST., New York.



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**C. WEIS Mfr of Meerschaum** Pipes, Smokers' Articles, etc., wholesale and retail. Repairing done. Circular free. 399 B'way, N. Y. Factories, 60 Walker St. & Vienna, Austria. Sterling Silver-mounted Pipes, etc., made in newest designs.

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THE SAFEST FOOD IN SUMMER

For Young or Delicate Children.

A Sure Preventive of

CHOLERA INFANTUM.

It has been the positive means of saving many lives where no other food would be retained. Its basis is SUGAR OF MILK, the most important element of mother's milk.

It is the Most Nourishing, the Most Palatable, the Most Economical, of all Prepared Foods.

Sold by Druggists—25c., 50c., \$1.00.  
An interesting pamphlet entitled "Medical Opinions on the Nutrition of Infants and Invalids" sent free on application.

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#### HEMORRHOIDS

(PILES)

SAFELY, SPEEDILY CURED BY

PALMER'S

"Skin-Success"

25c. & 75c. Druggists. PALMER & CO., N. Y.

#### BOKER'S BITTERS

THE OLDEST AND BEST OF ALL

Stomach Bitters.

AND AS FINE A CORDIAL AS EVER MADE. TO BE HAD IN QUARTS AND PINTS.

L. FUNKE, JR., Sole Manuf'r and Prop'r, 78 JOHN STREET, NEW YORK.

#### West End Hotel

LONG BRANCH.

COTTAGES and RESTAURANT will open June 10th; the HOTEL, June 19th.

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#### EPPS'S COCOA

GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.

#### GUARANTEE BEARD ELIXIR

Warranted to force Moustache, Beard, or cure Bald Head, in shortest time. The only pure, safe, reliable. No quack powders. Beautifies skin. One sample sent securely packed for only 10 cents.  
FULLER & CO., Lynn, Mass.

#### DAN'L SULLY'S Corner Grocery

Capital Prize EN ROUTE.

Address, W. O. WHEELER.

#### Batchelor's Celebrated Hair Dye.

ESTABLISHED 1861.  
Best in the world. Harmless! Reliable! Instantaneous! No disappointment, no ridiculous tints, remedies the ill effects of bad dyes; leaves the hair soft and beautiful. Black or Brown. Exploratory circulars sent postpaid in sealed envelopes, on application, mentioning this paper. Sold by all druggists. Applied by experts at Batchelor's Wig Factory, 30 East 10th St., N. Y. City.

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Positively Cured in any of its stages. All desire or craving for stimulants entirely removed. Medicine can be given without knowledge of the patient, by placing it in coffee, tea, or articles of food. Cures guaranteed. Send for particulars. GOLDEN SPECIFIC CO., 185 Race Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.

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Send for Illustrated Catalogue. The Most Perfect Dict'y Holder. 136 EAST 13TH ST., NEW YORK.

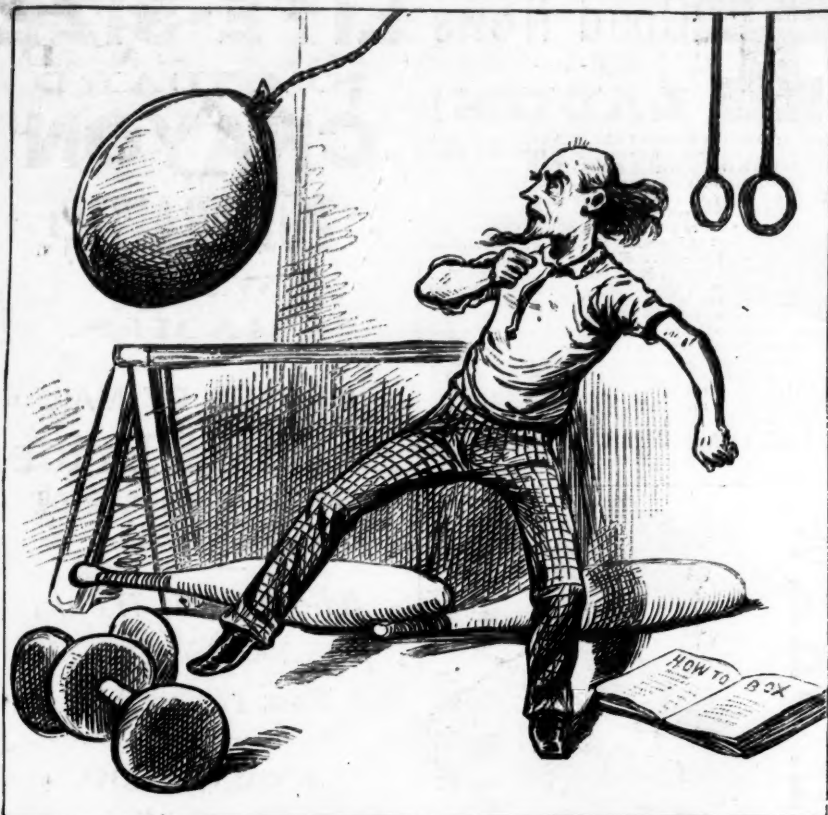
#### Golden Hair Wash

This preparation, free from all objectionable qualities, will, after a few applications, turn the hair that Golden Color or Sunny Hue so universally sought after and admired. The best in the world. \$1 per bottle; six for \$5. R. T. BELCHAMBERS, Importer of fine Human Hair Goods, 317 SIXTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.



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THE NEW SCHOOL OF POLITICS—A MEMBER OF CONGRESS IN TRAINING FOR THE FALL SESSION.



Excuse me, Jennie, but isn't that an exquisite odor?  
Yes, indeed it is, and I have often wished to ask you what perfume you were using.  
I should love dearly to know.  
Why, it's Lundborg's EDENIA.  
**LUNDBORG'S PERFUME, EDENIA.** **LUNDBORG'S RHENISH COLOGNE.**  
If you cannot obtain above in your vicinity send your name and address for Price List to the manufacturers,  
**YOUNG, LADD & COFFIN, 24 Barclay Street, New York.**

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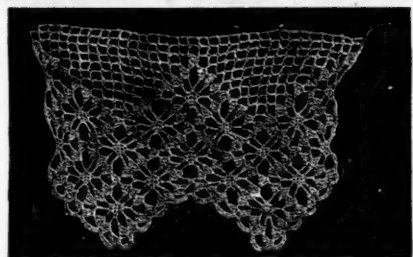
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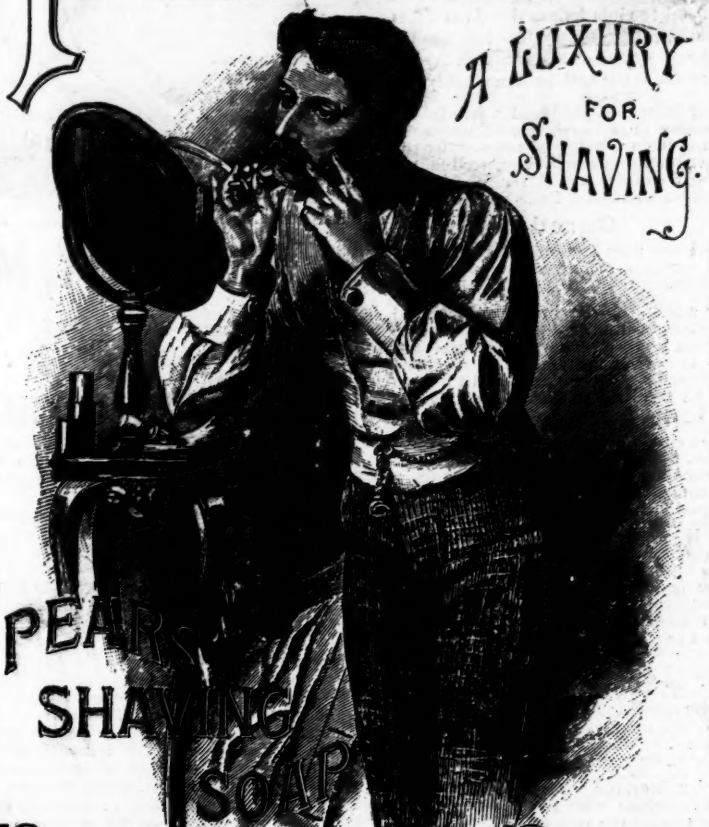
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